National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 17. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868. WHOLE NO. 1,473.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 30 Nassau Street, New York

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

AARON M POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

LETTER FROM CHARLES E. MOSS.

NEW YORK, August 22d, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

EVENTS are rapidly educating the American people up to the highest plane of Radicalism. Not a day rolls round but hundreds are forced by the insane folly of Conservatism into the bosom of the Radical Church. So steadily is that process now going on that it is safe to predict that at the end of six months every loyal voter in the Nation will occupy the position now held by the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD; and such men as Phillips, Wade, Butler, Sumner and Julian will become the admitted orthodox expounders of the National Faith. And that result will be forced upon the great mass of the Nation by the inexorable logic of events, and insane imbecility of the Conservative leaders, rather than by the ordinary slow process of reason. The truth is, events are too rapid, and the stupidity of the foes of radicalism too glaring, to permit that quiet contemplation necessary to give force and direction to the ordinary process of human intellect.

And this lightning process of educating the American people, by the irresistable logic of events, which has been going on since 1860, will continue to go on in the future, until the decrees of eternal justice and righteousness shall become the written, executed organic law of the American Republic, properly understood and truthfully interpreted by the American people. Until that day agitation will gather intensity, the stupidity of conservatism grow more glaring, and radicalism become more and more powerful.

The above remarks have been inspired by the changed tone of conservative Republican papers, of the *New York Times* class, the past two or three weeks. That journal from a very stupid conservative sheet has been forced by events into a very respectable radical position, and now advocates openly, and with dignity and ability, radical measures it six months since did not believe proper or practicable. In fact it admits that the dislike of radical leaders and disapproval of radical measures is overcome by the ruinous and suicidal policy and purposes of the conservative Democratic party. The case of the *Times* is that of nearly every conservative Republican and conservative Patriot in the land. They have learned in the bitter school of experience that disloyalty and treason are, under the guise of Conservatism, plotting the overthrow of the government, and nothing but the stern application of Radical ideas can give peace to the Nation and preserve the life of the Republic.

The recommendation, or rather suggestion, of the *Times* of to-day, of a probable necessity for the assembling of Congress in September is a very favorable omen. It indicates that the most moderate of our patriotic citizens are becoming sick of the evil consequences of half-way measures, and have made up their minds to the necessity of now making thorough work with what remains of rebellion, whether that rebellion entrenches itself in the White House, or "steals the livery of Democracy" to enact scenes of riot and murder in eleven States of the Union.

The conduct of the rebel leaders South is such as to make the assembling of Congress in September an imperative duty. The peace of the Nation is endangered, and an organized open attempt is being made to overthrow the laws, and trample under foot the authority of the Nation. Under such circumstances there is and can be no excuse for not coming together. Loyal men of the South are being murdered and assassinated, and the laws are inadequate to afford relief. Mobs and riots daily occur, and the local authorities are not able to quell them. There is and can be no peace in any of those States until Congress meets and distributes to the newly organized State governments, arms for the protection of loyal citizens. "Let us have Peace" is the motto of the Republican party, and the only mode of securing peace is for Congress to meet in September, and arm the local authorities of the newly reconstructed States for the preservation of good order, and proper enforcement of the local laws.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

LETTER FROM HOWARD W. GILBERT.

OCTARORO, CHESTER CO., Pa., August 21st, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE newspapers have informed you of the death of Thaddeus Stevens. He was buried on the 17th inst., in an humble and unpretentious graveyard in the city of Lancaster, for many years his place of residence. His uncompromising principles deprived the two more ostentatious cemeteries of the honor of containing his mortal remains, both of them having adopted the modern innovation of forbidding the interment of all persons of color within their limits. Mr. Stevens had purchased lots in both, but, upon discovering this restriction, threw up the contracts.

Thus in death, as well as in life, he protested against that inhuman hatred which would compel all persons of African descent to herd together like a band of Pariahs. This powerful blow at the spirit of *caste* will be felt throughout the country.

It is impossible to make an accurate estimate of the number of strangers who assembled in Lancaster on the day of burial to take part in the funeral ceremonies, but I do not think that it could have been less than ten thousand; and there was an unusually large proportion of these who came out of sympathy with Mr. Stevens because of his life-long devotion to radical principles. There were, of course, as on all such occasions, people who came out of mere curiosity—the powerful current carries the drift-wood with it; but that the number of this class was small was proven by the almost universal air of thoughtfulness, and the general decorum which prevailed throughout the day in all parts of the city.

No discrimination was made on account of race, complexion, or social condition among the vast concourse of people who were admitted to view the remains of this illustrious man; and I believe there was not, throughout the whole day, the least manifestation of an unbecoming spirit on the part of those who belong to the dominant race—a fact which most strikingly indicates the dawn of a better era.

One incident alone, I will mention, as highly characteristic of the occasion. A little girl of seven or eight years, a peculiarly forlorn and poverty-stricken little creature, dressed in some worn-out and cast-a-way finery, and carrying a tawdry old parasol, kept even pace with the funeral procession, throughout its course, walking by the side of the main column, pausing when it paused, and resuming her march regularly with the procession. She had, probably, been one of the many recipients of Mr. Stevens' most generous and unostentatious charities. The *London Times* was peculiarly unfortunate in applying to Mr. Stevens the epithet "bitter;" at least if his nature was marked by bitterness, that bitterness was all reserved for great criminals and those who grind the face of the poor. Toward the humble and the wretched his heart and hand were always open.

Gov. Geary, in a late public speech, admirably remarked that this great man had steadily marched forward in the right way "in a period when no man could follow in beaten tracks." This is, both intellectually and morally, the highest of eulogies.

The newspapers have, quite absurdly, conferred upon him the title of "The Great Commoner," one which is, in America, utterly without significance, inasmuch as the very constitution of the country forbids explicitly, the distinction which renders the term necessary in England. *We* are all commoners, perforce, and the title is no distinction. But its application to Mr. Stevens indicates one of the traits—I should have said the most conspicuous trait of his mind, and its general appreciation by the people.

Not the least striking feature in Thaddeus Stevens's great and symmetrical character was its perfect freedom from all sensuality. Indeed a most appropriate inscription for his tombstone would be: "With pure hands he passed through a life of peculiar temptation, and died poor."

HOWARD W. GILBERT.

BLACK DEMOCRACY.

BY T. WHITMARSH CARDOZO.

ONE of the chief objects of man is to get others to believe with him. A minister rejoices when he gets a sinner convinced of his sins; a philanthropist rejoices when he gets a miser to assist in relieving some poor fellow-creature; and politicians rejoice when they get their opponents to believe as they do.

Abolitionists always look upon negroes as the children of the same common Father; Republicans look upon them as a sort of an amalgamated race; but the Democrats look upon them as species of Ourang-Outang except when they believe as they do. Abolitionists are pure, Republicans are adulterated, but, God help the Democrats—they are rotten. If we were classed among white men we would consider ourselves "niggers" to join the Democratic party; but being negroes, we consider ourselves above the thought of going with the Democratic party. The corruptness of the Democrats shows itself in the fact that a negro is a vagabond, a brute, a being unfit for civilization if he goes with the Republicans, but the moment he joins the Democratic party he is a *gentleman of superior ability and refinement*, and is well worthy of the hospitality of the citizens of the country. If leaving the lofty stand of the Abolitionists, to go down to the tenth round of the Democratic ladder, is making a man a refined gentleman, then may heaven help the progress of our reformatory age. Democrats live in rum hell-holes and brothels; but Abolitionists live in virtuous mansions and respectable dwelling-houses.

It is mortifying in the extreme to find a negro so far forgetting himself as to go with the Copperheads; yet we ought not to wonder when we find some of them deceived by the wily tongues of our enemies. Not many days since we had occasion to call upon one of the leading—yet comparatively silent—Democrats in the country. The person was to be found in the office of Gov. Seymour, in Utica. When we entered we were very politely invited to a seat after being introduced. Our conversation turned immediately upon politics.

The person whom we went to see said, "Mr. C—, if I were you I would take an independent position in political matters, and now that you expect to go South I would advise you to get your people to take an independent stand. We do not wish them to join us yet, neither do we wish them to ally themselves with the radicals, but after acting independently for a while they may join the party which may be quicker to acknowledge their rights, and my word for it the Democrats would be first." "Ah, Mr. S—," said we, "your only motive then for acknowledging our rights would be to get our votes. We do not wish for any such acknowledgments by your party now, neither do we now ask for your sympathy. There was a time when we besought an acknowledgment of our rights by *all* men. And when the Abolitionists and Republicans yielded to our petition, your party tried to crush us still more and heaped burdens upon us too heavy to be borne; and now to ask us to forsake our long-tried friends for the *probability* of your acknowledgment is asking too much. God forbid that one negro should lift his little finger against the radicals; but may they muster increased strength to raise on high the radical banner, and with all their might trample the Democratic banner under their feet." "No, Mr. C—," said he, "you have a decidedly wrong opinion of the Democratic party. We were always opposed to slavery; only we sought a different road to emancipation. We felt that the foreign influx would operate against slavery, and in the course of fifty or seventy-five years there would be no vestige of it left. And so far as acknowledging your rights is concerned, the radicals would not acknowledge them if they did not know that your people would follow them. Let a goodly number of your people join our party and they would disfranchise them immediately." We told him that we had never heard of a Democrat who was heartily opposed to slavery. And even if they had a sentimental opposition to it, nothing would come out of their opposition. "You talk about fifty or seventy-five years emancipation! Suppose you and your entire family were slaves, and were put up on the auction-block, and you were knocked down to a trader in Louisianna, your wife to another in Maryland, your son to another in Tennessee, and your daughter to another in South Carolina. How long would you wish such a system to exist? Fifty or seventy-five years? *No Sir! Mr. S—. don't speak to me about the virtue of the Democratic party. My mother and six children had to leave our beloved home, and I had to fly for my life during the riot of '63 in New York City, on account of the result of Democratic teachings.*"

"Well, Mr. C—. I see you are like Ephraim joined to his idols." "Yes, sir, if clinging to what is right is being joined to idols, I rejoice in it; you cannot make a black Democrat of me, nor of any one over whom I may have any influence."

T. WHITMARSH CARDOZO.

SYRACUSE, August 18th, 1868.

EXPOSITION OF A PUBLIC CHARACTER.

LETTER TO CHIEF-JUSTICE S. P. CHASE.

"A fallen God is an abominable caricature."

IN public life, as well as in our personal relations, we never can suffer a deeper humiliation than by being compelled to feel ashamed of a man, whom we had become accustomed to honor for the sake of his professed principles, and to love on account of his private virtues. This custom may take possession of us to such an extent, that we forgive as a moment of weakness, what we would otherwise admonish as a defect, or punish as an unjustifiable offense.

You, sir, have established one of the most deplorable cases of this kind, and nothing but a miraculous self-conceit could have prevented you from foreseeing the consequences of such monstrous depredation on the public confidence. For almost a quarter of a century you have succeeded in standing before the country as the very prototype of infallible integrity, of unqualified honesty and straightforwardness, of large-minded, pure humanity, and of commanding intelligence. No man's reputation could challenge the envy of his cotemporaries like yours, while nobody's approbation was so eagerly solicited, and so highly valued as yours. Your opinion was a judgment, your suggestion a command. The progress of the country was embodied in your name, and not to acknowledge your financial genius as the very salvation of the country, seemed to be a heresy.

The dazzling splendor and brilliancy of this fame has reached its culmination, and vanished like that of a meteor. Only a few weeks were sufficient to amaze the people with a most frightful metamorphosis.

When President Lincoln called you to the head of the Treasury, he was undoubtedly persuaded to do so by these well-known stereotyped professions, by the utterance of which you had elevated yourself to the position of a fearless advocate of justice and humanity. Being too well aware of his mission, to inaugurate a new epoch in the development of the Republic, he was anxious to surround himself with men whose judgment and abilities he, in his rare modesty, believed to be superior to that of his own, and whose records would secure for him the confidence of the people of the North. It is true, your Democratic predecessor had retired as a common thief, and the Treasury was robbed of its treasures; yet of *your* competency to deal with financial problems of such magnitude nobody ventured to form any opinion whatever. But you had the fortune to count amongst your friends two gentlemen, who answered to all the necessary requirements for the accomplishment of your task. They were the Rothschild's. Of fidelity and honesty, it was *their* brain, *their* courage and restless energy, which enabled you to make the most unlimited use of what was laying untouched at your feet—the credit of a country, in the inestimable and inexhaustible resources of which the meanest pawnbroker did not hesitate to invest his last dollar. Pray, what genius does it require to pick up the diamonds, upon which we are walking, or to sit for a photograph, to be engraved, in anticipation of your immortality? But if it may not be impertinent for an inquisitive mind to ask—if it was really your sole ambition, to make both ends meet—why did you not employ all your authority to maintain the integrity of your Department as well as your own? History has accepted the fact, that your friends conducted our financial affairs with such unimpeachable integrity and skillfulness, that all the combined machinations of the English and French rebel allies failed to disturb the confidence and sympathy, with which the people of two Continents were waiting for the final success of our sacred cause. I leave it for the special amusement of experts to examine into the merits of these financial manipulations, for the conception of which you have been credited without the jealousy of any one. Your own administration of the Treasury Department, however, soon disclosed defects, that would have created general alarm but for the endless variety of excitements from the battle-fields. You did not allow your licentious ambition to remain ignorant of the chances which were offered by the complicated and gigantic office-mechanism for the realization of your Presidential designs. The creation of a political bodyguard, ready to do what every man of self-respect will reject with indignation and disgust, was one of your next important objects; and almost every bureau-chief was soon made to understand, that only your will, and not public interest, should be the prime consideration of his official transactions. With a truly amazing cosmopolitism you appointed by the score foreigners, that were never naturalized, and whose antecedents would have justified their speediest possible exportation at public expense; and with mysterious magnanimity did you also promote to places of the highest responsibility home-made villains of general notoriety, disregarding the claims of gentlemen of talent, integrity and untarnished reputation. The protests of your bureau-chiefs were ignored, or had the honor to encounter your displeasure. Obnoxious domestic caprices, stimulated by the shape and color of a mustache, decided upon merits; an auditorship could be obtained by the heroic determination of marrying a member of your household. "Hon." S. M. Clark arose like a phœnix from the ashes of his New York and Hartford renown, and although the little flirtations of this gentleman with his fair employés had made your department the most interesting one in the whole public service, yet his enviable capacity of having been one of your "right hands" is perhaps the reason, that a "democratic conspiracy" proved to not have influence enough to dismiss the former bar-tender of the Carlton House in New York, from the Superintendency of the National Currency Bureau of the United States.

Strange as this all appeared to be in the eyes of your admirers, they endeavored to explain it as the idiosyncracies of a generous heart, mixed with a certain deficiency in judgment of men. The public confidence, in the propriety of your conduct and the firmness of your principles, suffered nevertheless a severe shock, when in 1863 the general distrust had caused a Senatorial delegation to demand of President Lincoln the discharge of Mr. W. H. Seward. While the people believed themselves already relieved from the mischievous schemes of a vile demagogue, you resolved to come to his rescue like a guardian angel, and to protect with the diamond shield of a "higher policy" one of the principal sources of immeasurable misfortune and disgrace, who sold the honor of our flag in Egypt, in West India and in Mexico, under the most revolting circumstances, and one whose cowardice and dishonesty is responsible for the blood of thousands of innocent people. The country was astonished at this rare generosity towards an old rival, yet your subsequent appointment as successor of Chief-Justice Taney satisfied the public mind that the practical application of the old adage "one hand washes the other" had been sufficient to prove, that your ambition had never anything to fear from your principles.

But the only sentiment, in the expression of which you have been consistent without any exception, your hearty sympathy with the outcasts of mankind, found at an early day another and far more important object. Jefferson Davis was captured. An outraged Nation, the whole civilized World demanded the punishment of this most hideous monster of modern history. Your opinion, however, was far above that of the country. To you, "an old Democrat," he was only a harmonizing associate of mind, who had attempted to convert your own long-cherished fancy into reality. His failure persuaded you to take him silently under your powerful protection, and, embracing it as a rare opportunity to gratify your frantic vanity by defying the public demand, you became aware at the same time that such an "impartiality" and conscientious generosity could not but invite the grateful consideration of the united, conquered rebeldom of all the land. It would have been a "barbarous outrage on humanity" to keep the illustrious prisoner at Fortress Monroe as he did his victims at Richmond and Andersonville—he was treated like a prince. After a delay, the reason of which it is hardly worth while to investigate, it was at last resolved to try him before the Civil Court, but you again declared it to be incompatible, with the high character of your office, to preside over this trial in the presence of our troops at Richmond. Finally the arrangements for the performances of a judicial farce were agreed upon; yet, while Judge Underwood was threatened with assassination, the cold-blooded murderer of thousands of brave men was released on a defaulter's bail, and took his departure for Canada to restore the impaired health of his body and mind.

But why go over the sickening records of what can, and will, never die out in the memory of the people? You had carried your point. You were were now at leisure to prepare for the great events, the approach of which your far-seeing mind could not help perceiving. They came in an unexpected and not desired shape, in the shape of the impeachment of an ignorant and bare-faced wretch, whom the wily sage of Auburn had entrapped to assume the rôle of the saviour of the Constitution. Although the most scandalous violations of the laws of common decency and propriety had subjected us to the derision and contempt of the world, yet "want of precedent"—"expediency," and perhaps the counsel of your superior wisdom, proved to be strong enough, to prevent the vindication of our public and social repution. The old-fashioned and simple-minded framers of our Constitution forgot to insert as its first provision, that the President of the United States shall be a gentleman, wherefore "Hon." Messrs. Fessenden, Trumbull, Reverdy Johnson and the rest of the Senatorial nineteen admitted it perfectly constitutional for the President aforesaid, to exercise among other talents such as annihilate all claims to respectability and esteem forever. True, the massacre of a few thousands of loyal people in the South; the organization of a whole army of thieves; the pardoning of hundreds of counterfeiters all originated in the very power of the President and in his interpretation of the aforesaid Constitution, and of the laws of Congress, and could likewise not very well be avoided. It was only the difference of opinion between the Legislative and Executive in regard to the construction of a new office regulation, which offered the long wished-for opportunity to introduce the necessary preliminaries for cleaning out the Augean-stable of a through and through pestilential government. A long outcry of relief went over the land from North to South, and from East to West.

It was premature. The high-toned statesman, who had so successfully harbored the "Hon." S. M. Clark of the National Currency Bureau of the U. S. Treasury—who shed sympathetic tears, when one of his favorites was arrested as a thief—who raised his strong and mighty arm in protection of a treacherous Secretary of State, instantly placed himself like a cherub at the door of the White House, shielding its inmate against the "fury of radicalism." In your mortification at not being rewarded with the Presidency, you determined to betray the party. You had always been convinced that this country had been made expressly for you. The Republican party, however, unable to believe in your sincerity, betrayed an unmistakeable disposition to again reject you. Like Mr. Seward, your predecessor, in this unpleasant experience, you concluded to break up such an ungrateful concern. At once the Constitution, which seems to contain something for everybody, showed you that Andrew Johnson was a persecuted man, and if convicted and dismissed from the position he had been allowed to disgrace so long, he would be succeeded by a man who would bring with him a new era, and whose principles had been inimical to the breathing of your very soul. The people would have learned that it is possible indeed to carry on a Republican government honestly and decently, with advantage to public interest, and to the credit of its administrators. This, of course, did not accord with your bold, far-reaching intentions, which—to tell it at once without any further ceremony—were to establish you at all hazards at the head of the Nation.

The Impeachment trial began. You denounced it as madness, but the House of Representatives, spurred by the anger of the loyal people, was deaf to your disapproval, and therefore you determined to bring your influence and your intrigues into play, where it was most likely to be effective, viz. in the United States Senate as the High Court of Impeachment. During the examination of the witnesses, the Managers of the House of Representatives were repeatedly favored with striking opportunities to resist your treacherous notions, by the inexhaustible energy *and watchfulness of their leader.* From the beginning of the trial, some of the initiated Democratic organs had been busy to instruct the public mind, that you "upon reflection and full examination of the Constitution had concluded, that it was your province to *decide all legal questions in this trial.*" This absurdity was followed by a specimen of your perfection in the art of bullying. One of your rebel mouth-pieces threw out the intimidation, that "if satisfied the Senate would convict Andrew Johnson, you would decline any further co-operation in the trial." No one knows better than you, that the so-much-studied Constitution also requires the Chief-Justice to attend and to preside at the trial of an impeachment of the President, and that the refusal to attend and to preside at such a trial would subject the Chief-Justice at once to impeachment and instant dismissal, and therefore your threatening intimation was but another proof of your criminal disposition, to defy all and every law of the Commonwealth. It was witnessed at the memorable session of the 31st of March, when you, with the most bare-faced impudence, tried to brow-beat the Senate into submission to your imperious demands.

Thanks to the indomitable firmness of Gen. Butler, and thanks to the short-sighted weakness of several Senators, your judicial usurpations remained incomplete, but your object to convert your position as merely presiding officer into that of the morally commanding Dictator of the Senate, lay bare before the public gaze. The motive for this extension of your privileges seems to have consisted merely in the gratification of one of your arrogant caprices, for the course of your action took an entirely opposite direction, evidently to consume the greatest posssible measure of time by a most wilful prolongation of the proceedings. To tire out the Court, to stifle and paralize the interest and excitement of the people by procrastination was all you and the "conscience" of some of your political Lieutenants were then anxious for.

At the same time—while "Hon." Mr. Fessenden's conscience and malice were employed in the meditation of his wonderful argument, and the Fullers, Wooleys and Schwabs tried to "save the country" by the investment of large sums in the "Chase movement," (which was synonymous with buying up the votes of Senators)—you availed yourself of the more delicate resources of refined diplomacy to accomplish your object. The charms of an elegant hospitality, gracefully offered in a quiet afternoon ride, or by an aristocratic family-dinner, are often more effective and less dangerous than the invitation to a private consultation, and seldom fail to find appreciation within the circles of polished society. Your own experiences had certainly demonstrated to you more than once, that the actions of men are oftener and easier directed by their senses than by their principles, and the accommodating disposition of gentlemen like "Hon." Messrs. Fowler, Henderson, and Van Winkle rendered all fear of disappointment nugatory. The dignity, the responsibility, even the common respectability of these "Hon." gentlemen were no obstacles to you in convincing them, that the vindication of the Nation's honor, by pronouncing the accused guilty, would destroy all their claims to your proverbial gratitude, in case the "utmost peril of the country" should compel you to carry out at last our "manifest destiny" by breaking up the Republic, and introducing in its place an entire new government.

It is true, there were parties, who took these transactions in a more or less different way. Some called it an infamous conspiracy, others—and very conservative people too—pronounced it "A crime committed against the dignity and authority of the Supreme Court, of which a John Marshall and even a Roger B. Taney would have been ashamed—a flagrant perversion of the highest and most sacred trust of the Nation." * *

I leave you to the verdict of history, from which there is no escape for you. Whether it will hurl your name down into the darkness of oblivion, or crown it with infamy, does not concern us any longer. It was not ours to weigh the consequences of your conduct, and a man who has trampled upon the sympathies of a generous people as you have, must be refused even the miserable consolation of our pity.

G. ST. GEORGE.

THE SOUTH.

COERCION OF THE NEGRO VOTE.

[Special Despatch to the Evening Post].

WASHINGTON, August 20th, 1868.

LETTERS constantly received here from all parts of the South leave no doubt that the movement to control the negro vote through the agency of landholders and employers who refuse to hire negro laborers voting the Republican ticket, is assuming extensive proportions and pervading every State.

A letter received to-day says: "The system of terrorism successfully used in Mississippi has now begun in Tennessee much more efficiently and thoroughly." The writer says "that the landholders are controlling the suffrage of the negroes, and unless some thorough and decided action shall be taken to vindicate the rights and privileges of the blacks, Tennessee must surely be lost."

He adds that the twelve rebel generals lately assembled at Nashville, are leaders of the so-called Ku-Klux-Klan, and this seems to be confirmed by letters from other persons, who say that the ostensible purpose of the meeting at Nashville by these generals was not the real one, but that their fair talk is for strategic purposes.

MORE MURDERS IN LOUSIANA.

The *New Orleans Republican* gives the details of numerous fresh outrages on colored people, committed in the country parishes:

"In St. Landry Parish, between the 1st and 10th of July, near Grand Coteau, a band of men disguised fired into a house where colored people were assembled at a party, killing one woman and two men, and wounded three others. Parties fully identified by some of the colored people were arrested and examined before a justice of the peace; but they conveniently proved an alibi and were discharged.

"In Lafayette Parish, about the same time, a colored man, who had testified in court against a white man, was called out of his house at night by a party of four white men, who were known to him, and told by them that he must go to Vermillionville. They took another colored man along with them and went about forty yards from the house, when they shot at both the colored men. One of them was killed. The other was wounded, but escaped.

"In Calcasieu Parish, a white woman and a colored man were both found one morning murdered in the house where they resided. The civil authorities have made no effort whatever to investigate the matter.

"In Franklin Parish, Moses Munger (colored) was murdered on the 28th of July, and his house fired. On the 29th a colored man was whipped by rebel ruffians, and another colored man wounded in the leg by a pistol shot.

"In Franklin Parish, between the 10th and 21st of July, seven colored men were killed and four wounded. Four white men were also killed during the same time, one of whom was Mr. Small. No arrests were made by either the civil or military authorities.

"Many of these reports have reached Gen. Buchanan officially, but we have yet to learn that he pays the slightest attention to the cases of assassination brought to his notice."

THE TRUE STORY OF THE OUTBREAK AT MILLICAN.

The editor of *San Antonio Express* tells the true story of the recent bloody affray in Millican, Texas, from which it appears that unarmed negroes were attacked by white men:

The facts are these: "Two men named Holliday, having a plantation about six miles from Millican, had employed a number of freedmen. On settling with them, one of their number, a blacksmith, named Miles Brown, expressed considerable dissatisfaction. A few days after the settlement, Brown had been drinking some; while in that condition he went over to the Holliday plantation for the purpose of having what he deemed his just dues. The men happened to be away, leaving nobody at home but the mother and sister of the Hollidays. Brown saw and talked with these ladies, and left before the men came. The next day Brown was told that he had insulted the white women at Hollidays, and that the Hollidays had threatened to kill him. Not remembering distinctly what he had said, Brown deemed it best to keep out of the way until the affair had blown over, and did leave the vicinity without telling any one. Within a day or two the report was current that the Hollidays had hanged Brown. The colored people were considerably excited, but as yet attempted nothing. Soon, word was brought that the body of Brown was hanging to a tree in the bottom, not far from Holliday's place. The freed people talked of arresting the Hollidays and taking them to Millican to be tried. They were advised to go and find the body, and without touching it to get the Coroner to go with them and hold an inquest. They determined to act upon this advice, and about twenty of them proceeded to the spot where the body was said to be. They found a body, but it was not that of Brown. The party started to Millican, however, just as they had determined, for the purpose of informing the authorities; before they had proceeded a mile they were met by a party of citizens, who had been gathered by the Hollidays. The Sheriff of Brazos County (or one of his deputies), and the Mayor of Millican, headed the party of whites. The moment they caught sight of the negroes, who were marching promiscuously, and were totally unconscious of the presence of any one, the whites fired, unhorsing four of the colored party; the remainder scattering in every direction. The Mayor, who is evidently tender-hearted, states that 'as the parties approached each other, he halted them, and started forward to hold a parley with the negroes.' As he started, he saw 'the gun of a young negro, who was some distance down the column (mark that—not *the line*, but *column*), go off, apparently by accident.' Then, according to the Mayor's story, is when the whites, who were Millican roughs, commenced to fire. The story of the Mayor is sheer fabrication. The negroes went purposely unarmed, that they might give no cause for attack. One of the men had a pistol however, and had it in his hand when the whites fired; a shot from the Millican party struck this pistol and knocked it out of its owner's hand. This colored man made his way to Brenham. I have already said that Lieut. Green (the United States officer in command at Millican) is not Radical. This affair has, however, opened his eyes to the unprincipled nature of the rebel press. The groundless, lying story that the negroes were fortified; that they were formed in line of battle; that demands were made of them to lay down their arms—and all such political, sensational paragraphs—has completely disgusted him with the rebel organs; and when *The Galveston Civilian and News*, and *The Houston Telegraph* arrived with the report that the soldiers joined in with the citizens, and assisted in killing negroes, Lieut. Green's indignation knew no bounds; and, although that officer did not say so, yet it was very evident that he believed the stories afloat that this is one of a series of rebel riots and massacres recommended in a secret session of certain delegates at the Bryan Rebel Convention, which those worthies intended should be distorted by the rebel press into a "war of races," and sent abroad to effect the election in the North. It is now ascertained that Brown is alive and well; that the body hanging in the bottom near the Holliday plantation is unknown; that the rumors set afloat among the negroes to the effect that it was Brown's body, came from rebel sources, and that it was a rebel plan from the beginning to get the negroes to march in a body toward the Holliday place, that the Ku-Klux might have a reasonable excuse to attack them."

THRIVING COLORED COMMUNITY.

TWO-THIRDS of the population of Calvin township, Cass County, Michigan, is made up of colored people. They pay one half the taxes, supply three entire school districts averaging from sixty-five to seventy scholars each, and are about equal in four others, and paid $2500 tax last year. They own five-eighths of the land in the town, and that the most choice, amounting to 14,400 acres, which is worth $40 per acre, making their entire valuation in landed property $576,000. Of course, they have in addition a large amount of other property. They are industrious, determined to educate themselves and their children, and to be honorable and respected citizens, a benefit to their State, and an honor to themselves.

SOUTHERN OPINION.

The *Mobile Tribune* says:

"The great Democratic party will rise in its might and majesty, and pulverize and purge the Congress, just as Cromwell purged the Long Parliament. The signs of the times are pregnant with resistance to Radical tyranny, and THE DAGGER OF BRUTUS MAY AID in accomplishing our redemption from Radical rule, ruin and usurpation."

The *St. Louis Times* says:

"If Mr. Blair becomes President, and swears to obey the Constitution, and fails to overthrow the oligarcy established by Brownlow in Tennessee, Blair would be perjured.

"There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these (reconstruction) acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."

The *Mobile Register* says:

"We know there are many Democrats at the

North, including some distinguished soldiers, who believe that the political atmosphere, poisoned by the long reign of Radical despotism, will not be so purified that liberty may flourish on it, until a just chastisement is inflicted upon the daring men who have conspired against the freedom of the Nation. In other words, that *the counter-revolution will not be complete without more blood-letting.*"

The *St. Joseph's Vindicator* says:

"From first to last—from the so-called anti-slavery amendment of the Constitution to the flood of trash for all purposes, military, civil, financial and commercial—all the reconstruction laws of the whole peace-period fall to pieces, if the Democracy succeed in electing Mr. Seymour as their standard-bearer. We can take part in such a conflict. We believe, from the depths of our understanding, that these acts of Congressional misdoing are all, one like the other, perfectly void."

The *Augusta Constitutionalist* says:

"The bold declaration of Francis P. Blair, Jr., the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, that if duly elected he would have his rights, and the rights of those electing him, by force of arms, if necessary, alarms them. They do not relish such bold declaration. They tell of freemen who know their rights, and knowing will dare maintain them.

* * * * The Democratic party have also proclaimed the reconstruction acts unconstitutional, null and void, *and if their candidates are elected the legal governments of the Southern States shall be reinstated, though the sword has to be invoked.*"

The *Richmond Examiner* says:

"The white men of the Southern States *have seen the day when they could use the bullet, and if God in his anger permits the necessity to arise, they will use it again.*"

The *Richmond Examiner* says:

"A War of Races! Then let us prepare for it! We sound the note of warning to the people, and bid them be on the alert. Preparations may be preventive; but, if in spite of preparations the conflict is precipitated upon us, it can have but one conclusion. The negro element in the South is like a gangrene upon the body politic, and the first drop of blood shed in a servile war will be the signal for the *extermination of the whole race.*

"If such a war must come, let it come quickly. The South wants peace, and if it is now to be required to wade through a sea of blood to reach it, the sooner commenced the sooner ended. Our white allies in Maryland and Kentucky, not to mention States further North, may be relied on for assistance, if we need it."

The *Norfolk (Va). Journal* says:

"The people of all this Union, from the Aroostook to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have an account to settle with the Radical party, and a terrible reckoning will it be for the latter; such a one as will make them hide their heads in shame and compel many of them to fly the country to escape the retribution that will befall them for their wickedness."

The *Memphis Avalanche* says:

"The Northern people announce that the reconstruction acts are illegal, unconstitutional and void; that they are conceived in iniquity and brought forth in sin, without warrant of law; that they do violence to every vital principle on which our institutions are founded; that they are arbitary, unjust and despotic, and that they *shall be wiped out.*"

The *Memphis Appeal* says:

"We do not admit that the consolidation of the States and the destruction of their sovereignty are legitimated by the result of the appeal to arms. We do not love, and will not pretend to love, that Union, though we have agreed to obey the laws of the conqueror. If the *old* Union cannot be restored, we will hope to see the South independent before we die; and if Jacobinism is to become supreme in the North, we wish there *could* be an impassable wall or a gulf of fire between it and our Southern States. The day will come when the South will be independent."

THE WILL OF THADDEUS STEVENS.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THADDEUS STEVENS, OF LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.

I give all my estate, real and personal, to my trustees and executors, hereinafter named, and their heirs, on condition nevertheless that they will dispose of it as hereinafter directed by the payment of the several sums mentioned. They will reduce such of the property as they deem proper to cash, and put the net proceeds at interest by investing the same in Government securities at not less than six per cent. per annum. I direct them to pay to the town of Peacham, State of Vermont, one thousand dollars, the interest whereof at six per cent. to be applied in aid of the Juvenile Library Association, which was formed at the Caledonia County Academy, if the same is still in existence, and continue to pay the same so long as the same continues in active operation.

I give and bequeath to the trustees or title-holders of the graveyard in which my mother and brother Alanson are buried, in the town of Peacham, Vermont, five hundred dollars, to be put at interest perpetually, and the interest to be paid annually to the sexton, on condition that he keeps the graves in good order, and plant roses and other cheerful flowers at each of the four corners of said graves every spring. If either of the said legacies should lapse, the same to go to the support of the Baptist Church or Meeting nearest to Danville Centre, my native town in Vermont.

I direct one hundred dollars to be put at compound interest, and the aggregate amount to be paid to Thaddeus Stevens Brown, son of John E. Brown of Philadelphia, at age.

I give two thousand dollars to my nephew, Dr. Thaddeus M. Stevens, of Indianapolis. I give to his sister, Mrs. Kauffman, one thousand dollars. I give to George F. Stevens, son of Simon Stevens, one thousand dollars, to be put at interest and paid to him by his father when he arrives at age.

I give to Mrs. Lydia Smith, my house-keeper, five hundred dollars a year during her natural life, to be paid semi-annually; or, at her option, she may receive five thousand dollars. She may make her election, and then release all further claims on my estate. Mrs. Smith has some furniture of her own, used in common with mine—some bought with her own money, as well as others, which it would be difficult to distinguish. Now she must be trusted on honor to take such as she claims, without further proof.

I give to my nephew, Captain Thaddeus Stevens, now at Caledonia, my gold watch.

I give to my nephew, Captain Thaddeus Stevens, eight hundred dollars a year, to be paid half-yearly. If, by reason of sickness he need more, at the discretion of the trustees. None of the legacies, except the annuities, will be paid for three years, during which time the house I now live in, and furniture and books, will remain as they are, except the miscellaneous books, which may be sold at any time. Mrs. Smith may occupy the house, at will, the first year, and if Thaddeus, son of Morrill, prefers to keep house to boarding, he may keep house there with her, or with any one else, during the three years or any part thereof. If at the end of three years, Thaddeus Stevens prefers some other mode of living, then the trustees shall dispose of said property as they may deem best. While it is occupied by my nephew he shall be charged with three hundred dollars a year rent for it. The property occupied by Mr. Effinger, after adding two feet of the lot in width to the other lot, may be sold. As five thousand dollars have been offered for it, it should not go for less.

The furnace and all other real estate may be rented or sold. The furnace must not be worked longer than to consume the stock on hand. If, at the end of any five years, Thaddeus, nephew, shall have shown that he has totally abstained from all intoxicating drinks throughout that time, the trustees may convey to him one-fourth of the whole property. If, at the end of the next successive five years, he shall show that he has totally abstained from all intoxicating drinks, they may convey to him one-fourth, being one-half of the property. If, at the end of another consecutive five years, he shall show that he has abstained from all intoxicating drinks, they may convey the whole to him, in fee simple. If he shall get married before the house I live in is sold, he shall receive the same, and occupy it without sale.

If the life estate of my nephew, or rather the annuity of said Captain Thaddeus Stevens, of Vermont, should expire before he has enabled himself to become entitled to the corpus or fee simple of my estate, then I dispose of whatever may remain, as follows: If the aggregate sum shall then amount to fifty thousand dollars, without which no further disposition can be made, I give it all to my trustees to erect, establish and endow a house of refuge for the relief of the homeless and indigent orphans. Those shall be deemed orphans who have lost either parent. I devise twenty thousand dollars to be expended in erecting suitable buildings, the residue to be secured in government securities, bearing not less than six per cent. interest. I wish the building to be erected in the city of Lancaster, south of King street, provided sufficient ground, not less than two acres, shall be donated therefor.

If not, then at the west side of said street on same conditions. If sufficient groundd is not gratuitously offered, then I direct it to be built at Columbia. The orphans who cannot be bound out may remain in the institution until the age of fifteen years, and longer, if infirm, at the discretion of the trustees. They shall all be carefully educated in the various branches of an English education, and in all industrious trades and pursuits. This must be left to the discretion of the authorities. No preference shall be shown, on account of race or color, in the admission or treatment. Neither poor Germans, Irish or Mahomedans, nor any others on account of their race, or their religion or their parents must be excluded. All the inmates shall be educated in the same classes and manner without regard to color. They shall be fed at the same table. The dormatories to be under the direction of the authorities. The trustees shall provide an act of incorporation at some convenient time. This I declare to be my last will and testament, and name as my executors and trustees Anthony R. Roberts, O. J. Dickey and Edward McPherson, this 13th day of July, 1867. THADDEUS STEVENS.

Witnessed in the presence of Edward Riley and Christopher Dice.

The codicil to the will is as follows:

I, Thaddeus Stevens, of Lancaster, make and declare this a codicil to my last will and testament:

Item—I bought John Shertz's property at sheriff's sale, much below its value. I only want my own. All except three hundred dollars, the proceeds of it, and the interest, I direct shall be returned to the estate.

Item—If within five years after my death the Baptist brethren should build a house of public worship in the city of Lancaster, for the purpose of worshipping according to their creed, I direct one thousand dollars to be paid towards its cost. I do this out of respect for the memory of my mother, to whom I owe what little of prosperity I had, and which, small as it is, I desire emphatically to acknowledge.

Item—If my nephew, Major Thaddeus Stevens, should get married before my decease, he will be at liberty to take possession of, and in fee, the house in which I now dwell, with the furniture thereot; and in that event remove all the restrictions which I place upon the devise of that property in the body of my will. I hereby exclude the corner property, now occupied by Effinger, from this provision.

Item—In eight years after my decease, if my estate shall have sufficiently accumulated to do it without embarrassment, I direct one thousand dollars to be paid to the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, for the use of Stevens' Hall. I hereby request O. J. Dickey, Esq., to act as executor to this codicil.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this eleventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty seven. THADDEUS STEVENS.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

THE SITUATION.

THE theory of proper reconstruction is that the masses of the South, black and white, shall have land, education and the ballot; the first secured to them by an act of the government, and the last two by a provision in the National Constitution. To the realization of this plan we have all along directed our efforts.

At present it is not to be hoped for. All we have secured is the ballot for the Negro. For this there is no Constitutional guarantee. The Republican party has not given the ballot from principle. That, like all the other measures of the war, has been forced upon them. We owe our progress in the past to the Nation's necessity; judging by present appearances, we shall owe every future step to the same force.

The merit of the Republican party is that it has yielded, and continues willing to yield to this pressure. Its faults are legion. Its defects glaring. It has never been loyal to a single principle. Disloyal to principle, always equivocating, always treacherous to its friends, it has had but one purpose, to save the Nation. In 1861 its leaders would have consented to avert war by the sacrifice of the Constitution itself. Again and again at successive periods in the war, it was ready for any conditions that would leave the Nation unbroken. "Save the Nation, no matter who or what rules it"—this was its motto. The madness of the South forced it into virtue. We owe negro suffrage to the fact that the white South would not accept the government of the rebel States when it was offered to that race.

All this is true. Still, to the honor of the Republican masses, it must be allowed that they have always demanded *the Nation.* Our security lies in that. We cannot have the Nation except with the negro's help. Whenever a White Man's Government is set up here, there will be immediately *two* of them.

We see as clearly as any one the shortcomings of the Republican party; shuffling, evasive, unprincipled, corrupt, cowardly and mean, almost beyond the power of words to describe. Still a vote for Grant means the negro's suffrage recognized; a vote for Seymour means the negro disfranchised and another war. We have no confidence in Grant personally—as little as, perhaps less than, we had in Johnson in 1865. We put no trust in that section of the Republican leaders which rallies round him. They would, many of them, yield, and be glad to yield, the negro back into the hands of his master, and give the rebel States back to rebels. But our safety is, the rebels will not take the gift except on conditions that the masses at the North would grind the Capitol to powder, and these traitors in it, before accepting.

We look forward, therefore, to the success of the Republican party in the coming election as the salvation of the Union and the best hope for the Negro. Its defeat will be evidence that the blood and treasure of another generation are needed to establish Liberty and Justice here. We shall welcome that success not because we believe that Republican leaders comprehend, or are ready for the great work of reconstruction. Mad for office, cankered with gold, poisoned with spite, cowards from the first, they have shown themselves ridiculously incompetent. With a party in power fit to hold the helm, no such question as this about the Bonds could have arisen. We should consider any private merchant, who thus left his affairs at odds and ends, to be demented. Any conveyancer who should draw deeds as loosely as Congress has drafted its loan bills since 1862 would disgrace his profession.

Still, the triumph of the Republican party means the loyal North in the saddle. The election of Seymour means the Confederate Government of Richmond absorbing that of Washington. As long as the North holds the reins, we shall be able to ripen this problem of reconstruction day by day; to meet each of its phases and to mould the whole question in conformity with justice and equal rights. The domination of the North keeps the question open, leaving it to be shaped in harmony with the age and our institutions. A Democratic rebel in power puts us back to 1861. Republican success now is like Gettysburg or Antietam—not the establishment of absolute justice, but a necessary preliminary to all effort in that direction.

Our most serious complaint against Congress is that it has left the whole, unchecked, untrammelled, power of the Nation in the hands of the rebels, to be wielded against the Republican party in this struggle. The imminent peril in which we stand to-day was no necessity; might easily have been avoided. If Seymour brings back Toombs and Cobb and Davis himself to Washington—and fifty thousand votes changed from one side to the other will give him the power—the men we shall curse and rebels will bless—the men who will soonest clasp hands with them and wear their collar are the Fessendens, Trumbulls, Rosses, Hendersons, sustained by the *Evening Post*, the *New York Times*, and the *Boston Advertiser*. If such really represented the country, we should have been betrayed in 1861, and whipped every year since. It is because they do not represent the country—are a disease and cancer—because of this that we exist as a Nation. Radicalism can whip such spaniels into its purpose hereafter, as it has done, scores of times, in the past, and thus force the party to complete the work upon which it has been forced to enter. Seymour's advent means repudiation, which ties our hands so that we can never borrow again in order to put down rebellion—and then rebellion.

Yes, on the whole, all things considered, we prefer Trumbull and Fessenden to Forrest and Toombs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SOME eight years ago Hon. Anson G. Burlingame was defeated for Congress in his district in Massachusetts. At the short session following his defeat he introduced a proposition to recognize the Kingdom of Italy, which was carried through Congress and a mission of the first grade was provided for it. The friends of Mr. Burlingame endeavored to get Mr. Lincoln to appoint him to that mission, but the very respectable fogy gentlemen of the Republican party opposed him because of his sympathy with Garibaldi and the Italian Liberalists, and succeeded in getting Mr. Marsh of Vermont, a gentleman not remarkable for sympathies with anything liberal, appointed to that position. Mr. Burlingame was then appointed to Austria, but that despotic Empire would not tolerate his presence at its Court; and a few months afterwards he was appointed to the Chinese Mission, which he recently resigned to accept the appointment, from China, of the present Embassy.

Thus we have an instance of what was intended for evil working for good, and of efforts against a man redounding to his best interests. Had Mr. Burlingame received the Italian Mission, he would not now occupy the highest and most honored diplomatic position of the known world. America has reason to be proud of her son, and Mr. Burlingame to be thankful for his failure in receiving a far less important mission.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS seems to be steadily on the advance both in this country and in Europe. In one shape or another the claim to equal privileges in all the relations of life is becoming recognized, and the injustice of past and present inequalities becoming apparent to the public mind. True, much yet remains to be accomplished; the great public heart yet needs to be quickened to the glow of righteous indignation at perpetuated wrong, but on every hand there are cheering indications that the unwearying labors of the noble men and women in this branch of Reform, will, at no distant date, be crowned with the fullest success. In another column is the gratifying announcement that Miss Blondina Conant a young lady of wide scholarship, with a range of reading covering the literature of Greece, Rome, France and Germany, the languages of which have been most thoroughly acquired—has accepted the position of Professor of English Literature in Rutger's College in this city. This brilliant instance of literary success, though by no means an isolated one, will stimulate the young women of our country to renewed exertions; and the more liberal policy inaugurated will, we doubt not, be the means of infusing new blood into many a Faculty, and stimulating its drowsy professors to a hitherto undreamed-of activity.

GREAT BRITAIN has taken another step in advance of this country, setting an example, which for the sake of decency at least, we trust the United States will be prompt to follow. The revolting barbarism of public executions, perpetuated for centuries, is abolished. The first instance of an execution under the new Act of Parliament took place at Maidstone, on the 13th inst., the culprit being strangled in the presence of only the prison officers, the reporters (why they were there we know not) and three other persons. If we must have Capital punishment—the *legal* not *lawful* taking of life—that is the sensible way to have it. The executions in this country, absurdly called private, with the prison yards full with idle, vicious gazers, are but a mockery of true privacy, and well-nigh as demoralizing in all their tendencies as the Old Bailey executions of centuries ago. England has taken a step in the right direction, but the true measure of reform, for her and for us, would be the abolition of the legalized butchery altogether.

The citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, have forwarded a begging petition to President Johnson invoking military assistance for the protection of "law and order" in that city. There is no danger whatever to be apprehended from the colored population of South Carolina; and the men making the impudent invocation are virtually pleading for protection against themselves, inasmuch as they alone are imbued with that wantonness of spirit which would incite to bloodshed. Save as the rebels themselves, urged on by their Northern allies, incite to deeds of violence, peace will be preserved, and there is no reason whatever for Executive interference in the civil government.

Elsewhere, we print a letter from our valued friend Robert Purvis, in which are extracts showing the actual condition of things in Columbia, S. C., to which we invite attention.

WADE HAMPTON, the prince of "Southern Fire-eaters," is again threatening to bid farewell to his native State—to say "Good Night" to his native land. If we mistake not, he threatened to leave for foreign parts at the time the Confederacy was subjugated; and his threats of self-exile in case of Grant's election, we incline to believe would have the same prudent finale. Speaking of his wail for the "Lost Cause" the *New York Times* pithily says: "It would be painful to have Massa Hampton leave us; but it is far more painful to have him always terrifying us by his threats to leave."

THE New York Medical College for Women will begin their Sixth Annual Term of twenty weeks, at their new College in Twelfth street, corner of Second Avenue, the first Monday in November. We learn that this Institute, which has been steadily growing in favor, enters upon its Sixth Term under the most flattering auspices and with prospects of increased usefulness. For announcements, giving full particulars, address the Dean, Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M.D., or the Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wells, Box 730, N. Y.

PERSONAL.

A Boston sculptor is chiseling the bust of Anna Dickinson.

The first three lecturers in the Old Bay State course, Boston, are Beecher, Gough and Olive Logan.

Milmore's head of Sumner is pronounced by competent judges to be the best executed in Boston in ten years.

Mrs. Frances A. Kemble gave a Reading at Lenox, Mass., on the 20th inst., for the benefit of the Town Library. Every ticket was bought on the first day on which there were any for sale.

The *California Alta* says:

"There is a colored population on the Pacific Coast of about fifteen thousand, with thirteen African M. E. Churches already established and prospering."

A gentleman recently remarked to Fred. Douglass: "I have no prejudice against color. I had just as 'lief walk down Broadway arm and arm with you as with a white man." "He never thought," was the witty comment of Douglass, "whether I was willing to walk with him."

Mr. Spurgeon recently rebuked certain of his followers who declined to interfere in politics, on the ground that they "were not of this world." This, he argued, was a mere metaphor. "You might as well," he said, "being sheep of the Lord, decline to eat a mutton-chop, on the plea that it would be cannibalism."

The *Morning Advertiser* (England) says:

"The Overseers of Salford have placed the names of twelve hundred women on the register of electors for that Borough. Above five thousand women have sent in claims to vote for the city of Manchester. All England is awakening to the Woman Question."

Mrs. Lander is in the city preparing for her dramatic season at the Broadway Theatre, which begins on the evening of the 31st inst. Her engagement is for twenty evening performances, and four Matinées. She will play *Queen Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Marie Antoinette, Lady Macbeth* and other favorite impersonations.

In the possession of a gentleman in Alton, Ill., there is a genuine miniature likeness of Theodosia Burr Allston, the famous and ill-fated daughter of Aaron Burr. It is painted on Sevres china, from the original portrait by Vanderlyn, and was executed under Burr's personal supervision, in Paris, during his residence there from 1808 to 1812.

Dr. E. D. Hudson writes:

"NEW YORK, August 24, 1868.

"I have the grateful pleasure to inform you that our noble friend Abby K. Foster has, many days since, passed the critical period of the result of her surgical operation. She is now decidedly convalescent to such a degree, as to be able to rejoin her rejoicing family circle. E. D. HUDSON, M.D."

We are happy to learn that our esteemed friend, Richard D. Webb, continues to recover from the injuries received by the recent accident, to which allusion has been made in THE STANDARD. He is still at St. Mary's Hospital, Detroit, where he is receiving all needed attention. Mr. Webb's chief injury was a concussion of the back, which occasioned intense suffering, but he is now much better, and expects soon to be able to resume his interrupted work, although it may be long before he regains complete health.

Miss Blondina Conant, of Brooklyn, daughter of the Rev. Dr. T. J. Conant, the well-known Biblical scholar and translator, has been appointed Professor of English Literature in Rutger's College, in this city. Miss Conant is a lady of uncommon culture and scholarship, an accomplished student of English, French, and German literature, who has had the benefit of careful training by her father, and also by her lamented mother, who was a woman of many and thorough accomplishments, and a writer of acknowledged excellence.

The report, that Garibaldi contemplates an early visit to this country, is incorrect. He has recently written a letter to the patriots in Bologna in which he says: "I shall believe that our people wish to effect their freedom when I see the shop of St. Peter converted into an asylum for the indigent, and the vial of Saint Jannarius broken on the tonsure of the buffoon and sorcerer. Come what may, I shall indeed die wretched if, on the day when you fight for the liberty of Italy—a day, I hope, not far distant—I should be unable to follow you, at least in an ambulance."

Gen. O. O. Howard—writing to *The Independent* of his trip South, at every point of which he is received by loyalists with the demonstrations of love his past services merit—says:

"This is Sunday, and I have just returned to the hospitable roof of Gen. Saxton, after visiting the Storrs Sunday School. You ought to have been at this school to-day, to have deepened your enthusiasm in the cause of education and of truth. Some three hundred scholars, neatly dressed, with eyes sparkling with intelligence, looked up to me; and I assure you I hardly thought of the color so wickedly tabooed, while listening to their prompt responses to their superintendent, and while drinking in the sweet melody of their Sabbath School songs. Their school-building is the picture of neatness. The children, great and small, were quiet and attentive, even to our long speeches. There is a completeness of order and training here that has not destroyed, but only deepened, the peculiar enthusiasm of this people. This school is the offspring of the Congregational church."

A correspondent, writing from Sharon Springs, says:

"Among the celebrities here is our friend and countrywoman, Miss Charlotte Cushman, of such well-deserved histrionic repute. By long residence abroad, Miss Cushman has more and more developed a high taste for art, which has found expression in her well-known generous gifts to our Boston 'Music Hall,' of the busts of certain distinguished composers. Miss Cushman has the broadest sympathies with all that is truly refined, asthetic and of social interest. Very genial in her converse and liberal in her views, amid the cliques, which gather here every evening in the 'saloons' for conversation or amusement, Miss C——, has regularly found her place, seeming as it were the soul of the little circle. The following lines were recently penned to her by one of your familiar correspondents:

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

"ALIKE attractive, equally as great
Whether, in private converse, she doth walk
The social stage, or, doth impersonate
The souls of Shakespeare! witching in her talk:
Appreciative of all that's truest, best,
Whether in social science or fine art!
And, for their interests *working* with a zest,
In all relations 'acting well her part!'
Born to command, to fascinate, impress
By *her* great force, *our greater littleness.*"

* * *

The (London) *Law Times* says:

"A short time since the poet Longfellow, accompanied by Mr. Charles Kent, visited the Temple, expressing and showing the utmost interest in all that was pointed out to him. He was especially delighted with the fine old hall of the Middle Temple, after which the library must have appeared at once pretentious and tasteless; but he inscribed his name in the visitor's book, where it will be one of the most valued autographs. But more even than by the buildings was the poet's fancy touched by the sight of the old mulberry tree, still in full leaf, though propped by crutches, as he called them, under whose shade in the garden of the Middle Temple, Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn so often sat together, and in whom then the lady little dreamed that she saw at once her husband and her executioner. Still more was the poet moved by the dead old sycamore stump in the Inner Temple, now protected by railings, as a sacred relic, where, in its mature verdure, Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were wont to meet and hold converse in the manner immortalized by Boswell. Thence did Longfellow pass to the grave of Goldsmith outside the church, and into the church itself with its tombs and statues of the Knights Templar. Although his intended visit was not previously announced, it soon became noised about the Temple that the American poet was performing a pilgrimage to its many memorials of long ago, and some of the benchers came and were introduced to him, and civilities were exchanged; and let us hope that the inspiration of what had so much delighted and so profoundly touched him will find fit expression in some immortal verse."

The *Philadelphia Press* says:

"Where shall we look for a prototype of Thaddeus Stevens? Times repeat themselves, and their repetition produces minds of similar mould. But in his case minute comparison must be faulty. He lived continually a half century in advance of his generation. 1865 lent accord to his announcement of 1825, *delendum est servitium.* Forty years of his life were therefore passed in moral banishment, twice the number spent by Athanasius in actual exile. England followed Wilberforce at a distance of a score of years. His time resembled, in many respects, that through which Thaddeus Stevens has lived, and perhaps his character affords the best parallel to this great man's. Both commenced their warfare early, by distinct and startling announcements, and against obstacles apparently insurmountable. Wilberforce drew upon him the calumnious assaults of a slave-trading corporation, whose roots extended into almost every family and palace of England. Stevens withstood the anathemas of a slaveholding monopoly that had invested the Government, and turned all its machinery to selfish account. The former was pursued for years with threats of personal violence; the latter spent a lifetime under the dagger of threatening opponents. The former was associated in politics with some of the strongest minds of his day, but his independency brooked not restraint; the latter had for his friends the hosts of freedom, but his opinions were his own. Wilberforce was the strong advocate of Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform. Stevens believed in strict representative responsibility, and saw in the Free-school system the best conservator of Republican institutions. Both were social, both legal, both fervent. Wilberforce was the more religious; Stevens more enthusiastic. The former fretted under opposition, and grew polemical; the latter remained imperturbable as marble, and thrust only at intervals with his keen logic. Both had an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of their views. The former lived to see England give a hundred million of dollars to accomplish the abolition of slavery in her territory, and dying, blessed the day that witnessed so small a sacrifice for so great a good. The latter lived to see what even his sanguine philosophy taught him to believe would be withheld to a late period, a free and ennobled America, and died, searching for some remedy to lessen to the Nation the cost in tears and sorrows and blood of the sacrifice made for the sake of liberty. England and America point with equal pride to the memory of both."

LETTER FROM ROBERT PURVIS.

BYBERRY, Pa., August 22d, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I SUPPOSE there is enough in the daily reports of murder, rapine and blood, from the Southern section of our "*Converted*" country, to convince the obtuse, deluded and malignant enemies of our Cause, that the jubilee for freedom has not yet come; and that the abolition of chattel slavery, about which there is so much idle prating and affected exultation, is to a great extent practically void, and unsubstantial, and that warfare, earnest, persistant, aggressive warfare, is the need, and alike the pledged duty of every *consistent* and *faithful friend* and *advocate* of the *Black Man's Cause.*

The following is an extract from a letter received from my son, now residing in Columbia, South Carolina. It but confirms the condition of things throughout *our* Southern country:

"The rebels are 'moving Heaven and earth' to carry the election next fall, and it will require all the energies of the Republicans to secure success for Grant and Colfax. You can have no idea of the bitter and malignant feelings existing among these rebels against us. We are in daily expectation of an outbreak. It is reported that arms are being sent into the State by the Democracy of the North. In regard to the recent 'affray,' it was caused by some rebels attempting to force their way into a *house* occupied by a number of the 'colored' members of the Legislature, who in self-defence shot into them, killing one of the ruffians. Violent threats are made, to blow us up, to drive us out of the State, etc. We are obliged to go armed, and keep close to our rooms at night."

Verily, we are a "*Converted*" Nation.

ROBERT PURVIS.

LETTER FROM SALLIE HOLLEY.

WEST GOULDSBORO', FRENCHMAN'S BAY, MAINE, August 22nd, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

ALMOST nine years have gone by, since I sent THE STANDARD a letter from the shores of this lovely Bay—which Theodore Winthrop declared the most beautiful water on the Atlantic coast. It is said here, when his friend Church, came one summer to paint, he brought the beauty of Mount Desert, and all this coast into repute and attraction; and now throngs of visitors come and write such glowing descriptions to the Boston and New York papers, that the citizens of the Island can hardly believe they live in such a paradise.

But there were "eyes made for seeing" the rich glory of these trees, and rocks and bright glancing waters, before the famous artist and the gifted Winthrop came to be stirred and inspired and "re-created to a more sensitive vitality" by their fresh, wild beauty. Alas! how I miss those blue eyes of Charlotte L. Hill, that reflected the delightful October sunsets gilding the Bay and the mountains beyond with a celestial splendor never to be forgotten! Here is the little porch still framed in the Virginia creeper, where we stood then to drink in the surpassingly beautiful view. But she is not by my side, beaming as then with pride and joy at a stranger's ecstasy in the familiar beauty of her native shores. Six years ago her spirit took sudden flight to grow amid other surroundings into all the fine capacities of her being. I am reminded as I stand by her grave of what Mrs. Cheny says: "Yes, death is a great fact. My friend lives, but all which related her to me—the touch of the hand—the glance of the eye—the thrilling tone of the voice is gone. These treasures are lost in the present, whatever memory and hope may speak of in the past and future."

This old place is—

"Lovlier, yet the same."

It wears—

"The tender grace of a day that is gone."

It is delightful to meet in the parlor (where Charlotte hung them) the pictures of Charles Sumner, Mr. Garrison, Theodore Parker, and Wendell Phillips, whom she believed in as of the noble army of martyrs for Truth and Liberty in America. A little nephew of Charlotte's lies near her. The beautiful white marble bears the name she gave him, Wendell Phillips Hill, a touching proof of her reverence for Mr. Phillips. Will he need even in heaven, a new name?

These mysterious outgoing and incoming tides, that rise so high and fall so low, are a perpetual fascination to me, and awaken a resistless awe as if an invisible but great Power dwelt here. I know it is no more wonderful than the rising and setting of the Sun, only I am not so used to them. Their unfailing regularity teach the same lesson of the stability of moral covenants, Jeremiah so eloquently drew from the phenomena of the seasons. I believe God's covenant with justice shall not fail till it reaches, in the long tides of human history, the humblest negro, and fulfills his rightful recognition as an equal child of humanity—an heir of every means of growth and improvement. Sooner shall the swell and ebb of the vast oceans fail! The whole eventful epoch of our war from John Brown till now (and we are still far from peace) since I last saw these tides, has shown how surely this covenant with humanity shall be kept till the African is fully admitted to the brotherhood of the race and in complete enjoyment of every right claimed by the white man as inalienable.

When here before, I was told of Gouldsboro' being the birthplace of Robert Gould Shaw; and how pleasant it was, when his great-hearted daughters, whose names are always inscribed on the Call and generous Donations to our Anti-Slavery Festival—visited this place. Now, every visitor must feel a thrill of patriotic gratitude as the name recalls that of the grandson which lights up that dark night of Fort Wagner with an imperishable halo! In Ellsworth, a few days ago, I had the happiness to hear an earnest and admirable speech from Hon. Wm. D. Kelly of Philadelphia. He said unless justice was established in this country, all the teachers of the freedmen at the South would be driven North; the schools broken up and education abandoned.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, August 23d, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE great event of last week here was the municipal banquet in honor of Mr. Burlingame and his associates of the Chinese Embassy. It was a great occasion, worthily celebrated. The general rule of the Embassy has been to direct its own movements and pay its own expenses, without pausing to accept complimentary hospitalities from the communities visited; but an exception to this rule was made in favor of this region, with which Mr. Burlingame's political life had been more particularly associated. Thus it came to pass that the Chinese Embassy is now, for ten days or so, the guest of this city.

This feast was given at the new St. James hotel, fronting Franklin Square. As to its materials, and the preparation of them, everything was done that the gastronomic art could accomplish. It must be understood, however, that your correspondent expresses no opinion respecting the success attained in imitating certain Chinese dishes. Those who are curious on that subject are referred for information to their Excellencies of the Embassy.

Among the guests were, most appropriately, two gentlemen who had preceded Mr. Burlingame as Ministers or Commissioners from the United States to China, Rev. Peter Parker and Hon. Caleb Cushing. Dr. Parker was probably the only American present who was intimately and familiarly acquainted with the Chinese language, having been a missionary and a practitioner of medicine and surgery there, many years before he entered upon the diplomatic service.

Of course Mayor Shurtleff presided at the banquet, and made the opening speech. Then came an address from Mr. Burlingame, setting forth some of the characteristics of the Chinese people, some resemblances between them and us, and the advantages secured to both parties by the treaty now existing. Governor Bullock, representing the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, was the next speaker, and then Hon. Charles Sumner was called up, as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate of the United States. A graceful poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, addressed to the Chinese members of the Embassy, and rejoicing in the closer union of our nation with theirs, came next in order. Then Caleb Cushing, the Ex-Minister, spoke. He was followed by Ralph Waldo Emerson, after whom Gen. Banks was introduced as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations in the United States House of Representatives. Mr. Charles G. Nazro, President of the Boston Board of Trade, spoke of the importance of our commercial relations with China, and the concluding speech was made by an able representative of the Press, Mr. Edwin P. Whipple.

It is very rarely that an occasion for elaborate speech-making is so genuinely successful and satisfactory in all its parts as this was. The full report of it is exceedingly interesting reading, and all the speeches contain items of valuable information. Some of the gentlemen above named knew a good deal about China, its institutions, its customs, its government and its literature, before; while those who were not thus prepared, and yet bore such a relation to the city, or its government, that they would be or might be called on to speak, must of course "cram" for the occasion. The same thing will occur in all the portions of our country, and at all the European courts visited by this Embassy; and the speeches on all these occasions being widely and attentively read, the grand result is an increase of knowledge in regard to China among all these nations, and a wider recognition of the fact that there is much on that side of the world worth our study.

Indeed, there are few of our countrymen who will not be surprised at sundry of the items of information brought out in these speeches about China; as, that the Chinese empire counts more living souls than all the Nations of Europe and both Americas; that printing was practised by the Chinese five hundred years before Faust invented it in Germany; that gunpowder was known to them centuries before the time of Roger Bacon, and the loadstone long before the discovery of America; that in China office is gained only by competitive examination; that the sovereigns and statesmen of China with whom the earlier diplomatic relations of this country were formed were men of the highest cultivation and accomplishment, versed in the direction of the largest public affairs, possessed of thorough comprehension of political and international questions, and worthy in all respects to be ranked with the most accomplished statesmen and diplomatists of Christendom; and that, in the religious department, (where many of our people suppose Christianity to have monopolized *all*-excellence) one of the three State religions of China had declared and taught the Golden Rule five hundred years before Jesus, and another of them had taught the equality of men 2,400 years before Jefferson.

One of the particulars in which this new treaty with China will be useful to us is the fact that it will make obvious, and bring conspicuously into public notice, that protection which the United States Constitution extends to all forms of religious faith; and that a new barrier will thus be formed against the intolerance of that group of sects in this country which, allying themselves together under the title "evangelical," consider that they have a monopoly of *rights* in the department of religion, and undertake to restrain the free exercise and manifestation of other forms of religious faith. The arrogant dogmatism of some of our "religious newspapers" is such that their readers might easily come to believe that "the heathen" have *no* rights, except the right of yielding to their proselytism. Many of these persons will be utterly amazed to find that the Chinese have as much right to erect their temples and conduct their worship here as any congregation of Baptists, Methodists or Presbyterians; and the actual erection of such temples and performance of such worship may be a necessary step in the process of impressing a "realizing sense" of the religious rights of human beings upon the descendants of the Puritans.

It is partly, no doubt, the fault of China herself that we have known so little of her interior life. We have been accustomed to smile at her designation of herself as "the central flowery kingdom," and her habit of stigmatizing all other nations as "outside barbarians," but we have failed to consider (as one of the speakers at the banquet well remarked) that both those designations were *just* when they first came into use, centuries before the birth of the nation that gave birth to ours. In science and art, in literature and religion, China *did* hold such a superiority to other nations as these terms indicate; her exclusiveness and voluntary isolation *were*, then, a shutting out of barbarism; and if she has unreasonably adhered to this ancient tradition, if she has assumed the continuance of this superiority without examination of the actual progress of other nations, why, we ourselves are not so absolutely free from blind adherence to tradition as to be very harsh in our criticism.

At the morning prayer-meeting, one day last week, Rev. Mr. Grimes made a fervent petition for help and comfort to the freed people of the South, in the manifold distresses and persecutions under which they are now suffering. The mention of these things seemed to bring to his mind the heartless manner in which every allusion to the slaves, and their necessities, and the duties of Northern people towards them, used to be received before the war, in that same prayer-meeting; and in some remarks following his prayer, he referred to the courage it had required, in those days, even to *mention* the lamentable condition of the slaves in that meeting so far as to ask God to help them. He had himself experienced not only alienation of feeling but angry looks and insulting remarks, from those whom he called Christian brethren, for putting up a petition for the oppressed in their meeting.

With the patient forbearance so characteristic of his people, Mr. Grimes alluded to this past condition of things only to rejoice in the contrast now manifest, and to praise the Lord that petitions for the negroes of the

South were at last echoed and responded to, instead of being frowned upon, by the managers and frequenters of the Old South morning prayer-meeting. But I—who have often witnessed that former state of things which Mr. Grimes described, and have encountered determined opposition from members of that prayer-meeting, the highest in repute for piety, in attempts, at various times, to bring the case of the slaves before the meeting in prayer—may appropriately make some further reflection on the matter.

Confession of sin is one of the customary features of a prayer-meeting of this sort. It is true that general and vague confessions are much more in vogue than particular and specific ones; but here was an admirable opportunity for the exact sort of confession that is good for the soul—showing a sense of the unworthiness of the past, and a disposition to do better in the future. A considerable proportion of the attendants on this meeting, are the very persons whose influence went, in former days, to bar out all mention of the slave from the petitions and the "exhortations" there. How many of them stood up to acknowledge, with shame, their participation in the sin to which brother Grimes had so tenderly alluded? Not one. In fact, they feel no shame and no penitence; for their consciences have been so miseducated by the church and the prayer-meeting that they do not recognize the aid and comfort they gave to slavery as a sin.

They, in those days, were pro-slavery because the church was pro-slavery. The church deliberately chose to maintain slavery, and oppose all who opposed it, rather than give up the profitable connection of thousands of slaveholding ministers, and tens of thousands of slaveholding church-members. The church held on to this position until there was no longer any slavery to support; the church held on to slaveholding as a correct, and honest, and Christian relation, until "the world," the carnal, unspiritual, unregenerate portion of the community, had concluded that it needed to be abolished, had taken measures to abolish it, and had actually secured its abolition. And yet the very men, who formerly guarded the pulpit and the prayer-meeting against all mention of slavery, have how the hardihood to claim church action and church influence as having been the means of abolishing slavery. Keeping in view this present dishonesty in connection with their former openly pro-slavery position, I think brother Grimes shows himself more charitable than sound when he calls these people "*Christian* brethren." If Christianity, as I believe, teaches honesty and humanity, condemns oppression and ignores *caste*, then *they* are *not* Christians.

NORTH.

THE BOSTON BANQUET TO THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

At the reception of the Chinese Embassy at St. James Hotel on the evening of the 21st inst.,—at which speeches were made by Mr. Burlingame, Charles Sumner, Gov. Bullock, Caleb Cushing, E. P. Whipple and others, —Ralph Waldo Emerson, on being called up, spoke as follows:

REMARKS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Mr. Mayor:—I suppose we are of one opinion on this remarkable occasion of meeting the Embassy of the oldest Empire in the world to the youngest Republic. All share the surprise and pleasure when the venerable Oriental State, hitherto a romantic legend to most of us, suddenly steps into the fellowship of Nations. This auspicious event, considered in connection with the late innovations in Japan, marks a new era, and is an irresistible consequence of the science which has given us the power of steam and the electric telegraph. This event is the more welcome for the surprise. We had said of China, as the old prophet said of Egypt, "her strength is to sit still." Her people had such elemental conservatism, that by some wonderful force of race and National manners, the wars and revolutions that occur in her annals have proved momentary swells of surges on the pacific ocean of her history, leaving no trace. But this race has claims in its immovability. China is old, not in time only, but in wisdom, which is gray hairs to a nation—or rather, truly seen, is eternal youth. As we know, China had the magnet—centuries before Europe—and gunpowder, vaccination, canals, had anticipated Linnæus's nomenclature of plants; she had codes, journals, clubs, hackney-coaches; and, thirty centuries before New York, had the custom of New Years' calls of comity and reconciliation. Why mention its upper arts, its pottery, indispensable to the world, the luxury of silks, and its tea—the cordial of nations. But I remember, she has respectable remains of astronomic science, and historic records of forgotten time, that have supplied important gaps in the ancient history of the western nations. But she has philosophers who cannot be spared. Confucius has not yet gathered all his fame. When Socrates heard that the oracle declared that he was the wisest of men, he said that it must mean that other men held that they were wise, but he knew that he knew nothing; yet this belief was uttered already by Confucius, and what we call the Golden Rule of Jesus, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," was said in the same terms by Confucius five hundred years before. His doctrine of reciprocity, his insight, putting always the blame of our misfortune on ourselves. To that Governor who complained of thieves, he said: "If, sir, you were not covetous, though you should reward them for doing it, they would not steal." His ideal of greatness is like that of Marcus Antonius; at the same time he met the views of his nation by saying always: "Bend one cubit to straighten eight." Especially, they interest us in another view. I am sure the gentlemen present will remember the bill which Hon. Mr. Jenckes of Rhode Island has twice attempted to carry through Congress, requiring that candidates for public offices shall first pass examination on their literary qualifications for the same. Well, China has preceded us, as well as England and France, in this essential correction, and the like esteem of education appears in social life as an indispensable passport. The advantage of our intercourse is already appearing. The immigrants from Asia come in crowds. Their power of continuous labor, their versatility in adapting themselves to new conditions are unlooked virtues. They send back to their friends money and new products of art and our goods, and thus establish a commerce without limit. I cannot help adding, after what I have heard to-night, that I have read in English communications to the journals that the merit of this reform in the relations of China to foreign governments was mainly due to Mr. Burlingame. I am quite sure that I heard in New York from Mr. Burlingame that the whole merit was due to Sir Frederic Bruce. It appears that the Ambassadors were emulous in their magnanimity. It is certainly the best guarantee for the interests of China and of humanity.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was next called upon, who responded by reading the following poem:

Brothers, whom we may not reach
Through the veil of alien speech,
Welcome! welcome! eyes can tell
What the lips in vain would spell,
Words that hearts can understand,
Brothers from the Flowery Land!

We, the evening's latest born,
Hail the children of the morn!
We, the new creation's birth,
Greet the lords of ancient earth,
From their storied walls and towers
Wandering to these tents of ours!

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,
Who long hast shunned the staring day,
Hid in mists of poets' dreams
By thy blue and yellow streams,
Let us thy shadowed form behold,
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days;
Wisdom walks in ancient ways;
Thine the compass that could guide
A nation o'er the stormy tide,
Scourged by passions, doubts and fears,
Safe through thrice a thousand years!

Looking from thy turrets gray
Thou hast seen the world's decay—
Egypt drowning in her sands,
Athens rent by robbers' hands,
Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,
Like a storm-cloud swept away.

Looking from thy turrets gray
Still we see thee. Where are they?
And lo! a new-born nation waits,
Sitting at the golden gates
That glitter by the sunset sea—
Waits with outspread arms for thee!

Open wide, ye gates of gold
To the Dragon's banner-fold!
Builders of the mighty wall,
Bid your mountain barriers fall!
So may the girdle of the sun
Bind the East and West in one—
Till Nevada's breezes fan
The snowy peaks of Ta Sieue-Shan;
Till Erie blends its water blue
With the waves of Tung-Ting-Hu;
Till deep Missouri lends its flow
To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho!

Hon. Charles Sumner was next introduced, and delivered the following exceedingly interesting address:

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Mr. Mayor: I cannot speak on this interesting occasion without first declaring the happiness I enjoy at meeting my friend of many years in the exalted position which he now holds. He was not only my personal friend but an honored associate in representing the good people of this community and in advancing a great cause, which he championed with memorable eloquence and fidelity. Such are no common ties. Permit me to say that this splendid welcome, now offered by the municipal authorities of Boston, is only a natural expression of the sentiments which must prevail in this community. Here his labors and triumphs began. Here, in your early applause and approving voices, he first tasted of that honor which is now his in such ample measure. He is one of us, who, going forth into a strange country, has come back with its highest trusts and dignities. Once the representative of a single Congressional district, he now represents the most populous Nation of the Globe. Once the representative of a little more than a third part of Boston, he is now the representative of more than a third part of the human race. The population of the globe is estimated at twelve hundred millions; that of China at more than four hundred millions, and sometimes even at five hundred millions.

If, in this position, there be much to excite wonder, there is still more for gratitude in the unparalleled opportunity which it affords. What we all ask is opportunity. Here is opportunity on a surpassing scale—to be employed, I am sure, so as to advance the best interests of the human family; and, if these are advanced, no nation can suffer. With justice and generosity as the reciprocal rule—and nothing else can be the aim of the present mission—there can be no limits to the immeasurable consequences. For myself, I am less solicitous with regard to concessions or privileges than with regard to that spirit of friendship and good neighborhood, which embraces alike the distant and the near, and when once established renders all else easy.

The necessary result of the present mission will be to make the countries which it visits better known to the Chinese, and also to make the Chinese better, known to them. Each will know the other better and will better comprehend that condition of mutual dependence which is the law of humanity. In the relations among nations, as in common life, this is of infinite value. Thus far, I fear that the Chinese are poorly informed with regard to us. I am sure that we are poorly informed with regard to them. We know them through the porcelain on our tables, with its lawless prospective, and the teachest with its unintelligible hieroglyphics. There are two pictures of them in the literature of our language, which cannot fail to leave an impression. The first is in Paradise Lost, where Milton, always learned even in his poetry, represents Satan as descending in his flight:

"——on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where *Chinese* drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light."

The other is in that admirable address on the study of the law of nature and nations, where Sir James Mackintosh, in words of singular felicity, alludes to "the tame but ancient and immovable civilization of China." It will be for us now to enlarge these pictures and to fill the canvas with life.

I do not know if it has occurred to our honored plenipotentiary that he is not the first stranger who, after sojourning in this distant, unknown land, has come back with messages to the Christian powers. He is not without a predecessor in his mission. There is another career as marvellous as his own. I refer to the Venetian, Marco Polo, whose reports, once discredited as the fables of a traveler, are now recognized among the sources of history, and especially of geographical knowledge. It was in the latter part of the far-away thirteenth century that this enterprising Venetian, in company with his father and uncle, journeyed from Venice, by the way of Constantinople, Trebizond on the Black Sea and Central Asia, until they reached the golden country, known as Cathay, where the great ruler, Kublai Khan, treated them with honor and employed young Polo as his ambassador. This was none other than China, and the great ruler was one of its Mongolian emperors. At last the Venetian, with his companions, was dismissed with honor and riches, charged with letters for European sovereigns, as our Bostonian has letters now. There were letters for the Pope, the King of France, the King of Spain, and other Christian princes. It does not appear that England was expressly designated. Her name, so great now, was not at that time on the visiting list of the distant Emperor. Marco Polo, with his companions, reached Venice on his return in 1295, at the very time when Dante in Florence was meditating his divine poem, and when Roger Bacon in England was astonishing the age with his knowledge. These were two of his greatest contemporaries.

The return of the Venetian Ambassador to his native city was attended by incidents, which have not occurred among us. Bronzed by long residence under the sun of the East, wearing the dress of a Tartar, and speaking his native language with difficulty, it was some time before he could persuade his friends of his identity Happily, there is no question on the identity of our returned fellow-citizen; and surely it cannot be said that he speaks his native language with difficulty. There was a dinner given at Venice, as at Boston, and the Venetian dinner, after the lapse of nearly five hundred years, still lives in glowing description. On this occasion Marco Polo, with his companions, appeared first in long robes of crimson satin, reaching to the floor, which, after the guests had washed their hands, were changed for other robes of crimson damask, and then again, after the first course of the dinner, for other robes of crimson velvet, and at the conclusion of the banquet for the ordinary dress worn by the rest of the company. Meanwhile the other costly garments were distributed in succession among the waiters at the table. Then was brought forward coarse, threadbare clothes in which they had traveled, when, on ripping the lining and patches with a knife, costly jewels in sparkling showers leaped forth before the eyes of the company, who for a time were motionless with wonder. When at last, says the Italian chronicler, every doubt was banished and all were satisfied that these were the valiant and honorable gentlemen of the house of Polo. I do not relate this history in order to suggest any such operation on the dress of our returned fellow-citizen. No such evidence is needed to assure us of his identity.

The success of Marco Polo is attested in other ways. From his habit of speaking of millions of people and millions of money, he was known as *millioni*, or the millionaire, being the earliest instance in history of a designation so common in this prosperous age. But better than millions was the knowledge he imparted, and the impulse that he gave to that science which teaches the shape of the globe and the place of nations on its face. The work, in which he dictated his travels, was translated into several languages, and, after the invention of printing, was multiplied in more than fifty editions. Unquestionably it prepared the way for the two greatest geographical discoveries of modern times; the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco de Gama, and the New World by Christopher Columbus. One of his admirers, a learned German, does not hesitate to say that, when, in the long series of ages, we seek the three men who by the influence of their discoveries have most contributed to the progress of geography and the knowledge of the globe, the modest name of the Venetian finds a place in the same line with Alexander the Great and Christopher Columbus.

It is well known that the imagination of the Genoese navigator was fired by the revelations of the Venetian, and that in his mind all the countries embraced by his transcendant discovery were none other than the famed Cathay, with its various dependencies. In his report to the Spanish sovereigns, Cuba was nothing else than Zipang, or Japan, as described by the Venetian, and he thought himself near a great khan, meaning, as he says himself, a king of kings. Columbus was mistaken. He had not reached Cathay or the great khan; but he had discovered a new world, destined in the history of civilization to be more than Cathay, and in the lapse of time to welcome the Ambassador of the great khan.

The Venetian, on his return home, journeyed out of the East, westward. Our Marco Polo on his return home journeyed out of the West, eastward; and yet they both came from the same region. This change is typical. Journeying westward, the first welcome is from the nations of Europe. Journeying eastward, the first welcome is from our Republic. It only remains that this welcome should be extended, until it opens a pathway for the mightiest commerce of the world, conducting within the sphere of American activity that ancient ancestral empire, where population, industry and education, on an unprecedented scale, create resources and necessities on an unprecedented scale also.

And this brings me, Mr. Mayor, to the Treaty, which you invited me to discuss. But I will not now enter upon this topic. If you did not call me to order for speaking too long, I am sure I should be called to order in another place for undertaking to speak of a Treaty which has not yet been proclaimed by the President. One remark I will make and take the consequences. The Treaty does not propose to do much, but it is an excellent beginning, and, I trust, through the good offices of our fellow-citizen, the honored plenipotentiary, will unlock those great Chinese gates which have been bolted and barred for long centuries. The mission is more than the Treaty, because it will prepare the way for further intercourse, and will help that new order of things which is among the promises of the Future.

[For the Standard.]

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

Yet shall it come, despite smooth-worded peace:
And tape-tied Europe ne'ertheless be free;
Think you that Nature's travailing may cease
For any swathings of Diplomacy?

Think you that Europe is content to mar
Her age-long hopes, her future, because you,
Crown'd Charlatans! are frighten'd lest the war
Should serve the Many rather than the Few?

Yet shall it come, whate'er the monarchs say,
Or Bonapartes or Bismarks. It is night:
But the triumphal hours, for all delay,
March steadily onward to the morning light.

On, ever on! the banners of the hours,
If borne by kingly hands, bear nations' names:
Halt, or advance the battle; yet the Powers
O'errule your highest over-reaching aims.

The Powers are with the Peoples—Strength and Right
And Destiny; with you are Place and Guile:
Make peace, and in your treaties wrap our Might;
Shelve it, housewisely statesmen! Yet we smile.

Yet shall it come—the European War,
However hinder'd or however led;
And the Revenger drive his furious car
Over the crown'd and coroneted dead.

Who wars for an idea? Is France alone
Apostle, Herald, Champion of the Truth?
Hast thou annex'd Thought too? Napoleon!
Must the world's progress lag behind thy youth?

Say Europe is decrepid: must it bow
Before the mummied Cæsar's mask of pride?
Augustus—nay, Tiberius! what art thou
Against the party of the Crucified?

The Emperor's ideas! Dost thou forget
"Republican, or Cossack, it shall be?"
O prophet wise in death! the Tartar yet
Repeats thy words; is the learn'd West less free?

Yes! it shall come—the long-expected day
When Freedom overscars the height of kings,
And thrones and emperors are swept away
In the wide wake of her victorious wings:

When hydra-rescued Germany is one;
When Italy has all her own again;
When heterogeneous Austria has gone—
With the last figments, Tyrant! of thy brain;

When Hungary forwards the Sclavonian war;
When Victory leans upon a Polish lance;
When Russian serfdom dares abjure the Czar,
To share the peoples' great deliverance;

When France, her feet resandaling with fame,
Shakes off, indignant, the imperial dust,
And when "Napoleon" is but a name—
A word to mean abhorrence and disgust.

Forbid the ocean's equal ebb and flow!
Alter the orbit of the liberal sun!
Command strange comets how to come and go!
And yet God's Will of Progress shall be done.

W. J. LINTON.

NEW YORK, August 22d, 1868.

CONVENTION OF THE UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION.

On the 13th inst., between four and five hundred persons assembled in the beautiful grove of Silas E. Burrows Esq., on the west bank of the Mystic River at Mystic, Connecticut, to hear the friends of Radical Peace present their views.

The day was particularly glorious, the grand old rocks were capped by the young and aged, who were attentive listeners, and almost every one contributed something in the way of "goodly fare," song or speech. Every one was made welcome, and the event will be long remembered. The good old puritanical stock of the Whipples, Waterous, Crouch, etc., were represented. Some very aged had walked several miles to give their blessings.

At 10 o'clock a. m., Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, took the chair and opened the meeting with earnest words for the Cause. He was followed by Zebulon P. White of Pawtucket, R. I., in an impressive prayer; after which the Rev. S. B. Bailey, of Groton Ferry, introduced an appropriate hymn in which the audience joined in singing. Miss Julia Crouch and Miss Ida Whipple acted as secretaries, and read letters from Hon. Marvin H, Bovee, Wis., Dr. Harvey of Cal., Lavinia C. Dundore, President of the Equal Rights Association, Baltimore, Thomas Haskill, West Gloucester, Henry C. Wright and others.

Levi K. Joslin of Providence, R. I., then offered resolutions and spoke eloquently in their support. He was asked questions by Col. Hiram Appleman, of Mystic, and by others, all of which were promptly answered.

A. H. Love then offered a preamble and resolutions affirming "That Life is Natural and Inalienable;" "That, it cannot be *right* to do with a Commission from Human Governments what it is *wrong* to do without one;" "That War is the Father of lies and a Crime;" "That the Rights of Conscience should be respected;" "That an International Court of Nations should be instituted;" "That only the Principles of Love, Free Will, Justice and Mutual Interest should govern the World," etc.,—all of which were unanimously adopted.

Among those present, some of whom took part, were Noah Whipple, Jonathan Whipple, Julia Crouch, Russel Wells, Daniel Waterous, Abel Tanner, Noah Whipple Jr., Z. Crouch and Dr. Houché.

Miss Elizabeth Davis, of Ledyard, spoke feelingly. Abel Tanner spoke in favor of the principle, but presented his doubts as to practical application. He had his son present, named after Wendell Phillips, and stated that his love for freedom had caused him to query with himself as to his non-resistance principles. He was replied to by Messrs. Love and Joslin, who showed that the cause of peace was the cause of freedom and equal rights. Mr. Sawyer also spoke, and Zerah C. Whipple, of Mystic, made an eloquent address. At the close, a number of young ladies came forward and sang appropriate songs. Pamphlets were distributed, funds collected and signatures obtained to the Declaration of Sentiments.

The meeting adjourned to meet in Vineland, New Jersey, September 12th, and 13th, 1868.

LITERARY.

OUR STANDARD BEARER. LIFE OF GEN. GRANT. By Oliver Optic. 342 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This work sketches Grant's career before the war, gives a vivid representation of his military achievments, and illustrates the traits of the hero of the narrative by a variety of interesting personal anedotes. It is written in the graphic and animated style which has won for Oliver Optic so many juvenile readers, and will undoubtedly commend itself to all youthful campaigners, as well as to many a veteran. The volume is issued with great neatness by the enterprizing publishers, and is adorned with some of Thomas Nast's characteristic and effective illustrations.

BARNES ON THE PSALMS. Vol. I. By Albert Barnes, 369 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Few Commentaries on the New Testament are more popular in this country or in England than *Barnes' Notes*, a previous work by the above gifted author; and the volume before us is written in the same simple style, showing a like thought, and bearing evidence of a thorough "heart-love" for the subject. To us, such disquisitions, labored as they may be, seem almost a waste of time, but for that class of readers to whom some sort of a commentary is a real or fancied necessity, we doubt not the work will possess an enduring interest.

Harper's Monthly for September presents an excellent table of contents. The opening paper, "Silver and Silver Plate," is an elaborate treatise, rich with illustrations; "Traveling in Siberia" has all the interest of a sketch by Ross Browne or Taylor, showing the accomplished writer; "The Unwelcome Guests of Insects" is a curious and instructive paper; Part 2. of "Parole D'Honneur" is given, with an increase of interest; "The New Timothy" reaches Part 5; "The Woman's Kingdom," by Miss Muloch, begins to win the closest attention of the reader; and several readable stories, "The Easy Chair," "Editor's Drawer," etc., lend attraction to the number. From an excellent article, "Woman's Work and Wages," we make the following extract:

ENLARGEMENT OF WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"It is only two or three decades—certainly not more than a generation—since woman's work was confined almost exclusively to the duties of the household, either as a domestic servant or as the wife of the head of the house, or to needle-work on a small scale for a certain class of small manufacturers, and to the school-room. Thirty years ago in New England, as late as fifteen years since in the Western and Central States, and but yesterday—perhaps even yet—in some parts of the country, when a young lady of the upper or middle classes (by which in this country is meant the landed, the commercial and professional people, all, in fact, outside of the mechanic and laboring classes) was suddenly thrown on her own resources for support, she had the choice of becoming—it is perhaps more proper to say she had no alternative left her but to become—a governess, a school or music teacher, a seamstress, or an authoress; or (if married or widowed) she 'took in boarders'—all very precarious but 'respectable' modes of obtaining a living. She could not become with dignity, or without the sacrifice of her social position, a domestic servant in any other capacity than that of governess—an office not existing in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand families. The positions of cook, house-maid, and waiting-maid, for which class of help there was a demand at good prices, were by some singular and senseless and most illogical reasoning considered degrading, unless performed in the capacity of wife or other relation. One's wife or sister or daughter would, if unfortunate circumstances required it, make a slave of herself in the household duties of cooking, sweeping, scrubbing—all the great labor of housekeeping; but if left by the death of husband, brother, or father without a house to keep or an income to keep her, she could not with dignity perform the same household duties for some other person, but had to turn to branches of labor for which she had neither natural nor trained ability. The offices of cook, house-maid, and waiting-maid, in the houses of others than relatives, were held to be degrading, to be filled only by a certain class of foreigners or colored people. The only occupations, which the young lady thus suddenly reduced in circumstances could fill with dignity, were the very things for which she was not specially adapted or educated. At the same time she was taught neither trade nor profession; and thus trammeled alike by her own prejudices, man's laws, and by custom, she was forced to disheartening struggles in over-crowded fields, in which she won her bread at the cost of vitality and spirit, and from which slavery she looked forward to liberty only through a marriage of convenience."

Putnam's Magazine for September presents an admirable combination of literary attractions, scarcely surpassed by the rare excellence of the palmy days of this then first of American monthlies. Among the contributors are the Rev. Dr. Vinton, who renews the "Bourbon" question, supposed to have been finally settled; William Young, who writes readably of a "Morning Among the Autographs;" Professor J. M. Hoppin, who discourses very entertainingly of his "Travels in Greece;" Mr. Schele de Vere, who devotes his talents as a skilled magazinist to "A very small Subject"—and other well-known contributors. From an instructive account of "French Newspapers" by Theodore Johnson, we extract the following:

FRENCH EDITORS.

"The various papers vie with each other in engaging the services of eminent men for their editorial columns, and as the law requires all articles to be signed by their authors, the Parisian dailies bear an individual character that is in striking contrast with that of their cotemporaries in London, where the name of the newspaper entirely overshadows those of the writers employed on it. In London, people speak only of what the *Times*, the *News*, the *Telegraph* says. In Paris, the name of the editor overshadows that of his paper. People do not speak of what the *Liberté* says, but of what Girardin says in the *Liberté*; not of the *Constitutionnel*, but of Limayrac's articles in the *Constitutionnel*. The English do not enquire who edits the *Times* or the other London papers. The French would not take a paper without knowing the name of the editor, and without being satisfied that he is a man of ability.

"The same care is taken in regard to the men who are employed as foreign correspondents. Such distinguished *savans* and historians as Louis Blanc, Henry Monnier, Edgar Quinet, etc., are regular correspondents of the Paris dailies, and, the telegraphic news being so meagre and unsatisfactory, their letters, remarkable alike for their solid and polished style, are eagerly perused. * * *

"The greatest feature of the Paris dailies is the *Feuilleton*, and it may be justly said that they stand unrivalled in this respect. If the political leaders are written by men of ability, the editors of the *Feuilleton* are selected among the foremost literary celebrities of the country. Jules Janin, Saint-Béuve, Paul de St. Victor, Louis Ulbach, Edmond About, Sylvestre de Sacy, Laboulaye, Arsène Houssaye, are the most eminent representatives of this class of writers, and their 'Monday articles'—the critical articles on theatrical and literary matters, are usually published in the Monday numbers of the papers—are fully equal to the best essays in the reviews. Liberal salaries are paid to these *Feuilletonistes*, Saint-Béuve and Janin receiving over $5,000 a year for one article a week in the *Constitutionnel* and *Débats;* and the publishers would consider it a great misfortune to lose their services."

The Herald of Health has articles by Mrs. C. M. Severance, Mrs. R. B. Gleason, Geo. H. Taylor, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. F. D. Gage, Mrs. Horace Mann, O. B Frothingham and others. From "The Bestiality of Amusements" by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, an article worthy the serious consideration of every reader, we take the closing paragraph:

"It is not to be concealed that the popular kinds of amusement are favorable neither to the physical, social, or moral man. In the theaters low comedy, the extravaganza, the ballet, supplant the refined drama; in the opera houses, *La Grande Duchesse* and *La Belle Helene* draw multitudes whose delight rises in ecstacy with the indecency of the play and the sensuousness of the music. Nerves are jaded instead of being rested. The senses are stimulated when they should be appeased. The guardians of the health, as well as the guardians of the morals of society, should have regard to this, for it is their concern mainly. We have encouraged popular amusements, the gymnasium, rowing, pedestrianism, and the rest; on the ground that they would abolish dyspepsia, fend off consumption, relieve the tendency to morbid melancholy, increase the powers of labor, prolong life, augment the chances of vigorous manhood and womanhood, and tend indirectly at least to diminish vice by stimulating wholesome enjoyments. People are beginning to ask anxiously whether these results have been attained, whether other results of a different character do not here and there show themselves. We would not make our criticism too sweeping. We remember what great benefit has sprung from properly regulated calisthenics; from judicious rowing, from moderate cricket and base ball; from gentlemanly pugilism; from riding, walking, and other out-door recreations. The greater the benefit the more the pity it should be diminished or jeopardized by the brutishness that will always cling if it can to whatever belongs to the body."

From Mrs. F. D. Gage's touching poem, "The Old Body to The Old Soul," we take the first stanza:

"O Soul of mine! I pray thee, cease thy craving;
Fret me no more with anxious cares and fears;
Let me have rest from all this toil and slaving
Which has so worn me in the passing years."

The *Atlantic Monthly* for September opens with "No News," a touching story of domestic life; "The Siberian Exiles" is an interesting account of how political exiles are punished by Russia; the story called "St. Michael's Night" is continued with increased interest; the scholarly, critical article on "Sidney and Raleigh" is from the pen of Mr. E. P. Whipple; Mr. Bayard Taylor continues his pleasant "European Sketches," giving this month a description of the island of Maddalena, with a glimpse of Garibaldi's island home; "The Man and Brother," of which Part I. is given, is a readable story of Southern life by J. W. De Forest; the article on "The Genius of Hawthorne" is, in the main, just and appreciative—and other papers, the "Reviews," "Literary Notes," etc., make up the usual variety of this always excellent monthly. From some verses entitled "Bill and Joe," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, giving expression to a pleasant sentiment, we subjoin a stanza:

"You've worn the judge's ermine robe;
You've taught your name to half a globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill."

The *Galaxy* for September presents an unusually varied and interesting table of contents. The articles are, in the main, well-written, brief and vigorous; and the subjects selected are, happily, those having a hold upon the public attention. The present number has contributions from T. W. Parsons, Richard Grant White, Marian Harland, Charles Lanman, C. P. Branch, and others. Under the charge of W. J. Linton, the well-known engraver, the illustrations continue of a high order of excellence. We congratulate the publishers on the improved appearance of the *Galaxy*, taking now a front rank among the magazines of the country.

The *North American Review* for July contains "Laurence Sterne," "Meteoric Showers," "The Religious Reform Movement in Italy," "The Lumber Region in Michigan," "Liberal Education," "The Chicago Convention," "Dryden," "Commercial Immorality and Political Corruption," "Noyes's Translation of the Hebrew Prophets," etc. 376 pp. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The *Westminister Review* for July contains "The Character of British Rule in India," "Davidson's Introduction to the New Testament," "Co-operation Applied to the Dwellings of the People," "The Marriage Laws of the United Kingdom," "Church and State," "The Spanish Gipsy", "Contemporary Literature," etc. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

The *Edinburgh Review* for July contains "Salem Witchcraft," "English Dictionaries," "The Apocryphal Gospels," "Lyton's Chronicles and Characters," "Wellington's Correspondence," "The Modern Russian Drama," "New Germany," "The National Church," etc. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

THE *Phrenological Journal* for September contains sketches of "Ambassador Burlingame," "Arminus Vambery," the Hungarian Orientalist, "Abbé Franz Liszt," the Musican, the "Presidential Candidates," together with much other excellent matter.

Our Schoolday Visitor for September has the usual variety of pleasant reading for juveniles. Alexander Clark, S. G. W. Benjamin, Jacob Abbott, Dr. J. D. Vinton and Eliza Doolittle are among the contributors.

RECEIVED.

OUR PLANET, ITS PAST AND FUTURE. By Wm. Denton. 343 pp. Boston: Wm. Denton, Publisher.

SCRIPTURAL CLAIMS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE. By Newman Hall, L.L.B. New York: National Temperance Society.

Demorest's Young America for September. New York: W. J. Demorest.

The Children's Friend for September. West Chester, Pa.: E. K. Smedley, Editor.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Harper's Bazar. A Ladies' illustrated Monthly of Fashions. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The *Herald of Health* for September. New York: Miller, Wood & Co.

The *Sixth Annual Catalogue of the New York Medical College.*

The *Sailor's Magazine* and *Seamen's Friend* for September, New York: American Seamen's Friend Society.

OBITUARY.

ELLIOTT, THE ARTIST.

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT, one of the most distinguished of American portrait painters, died at his residence in Albany on Tuesday evening. He had been suffering for some time from a tumor on the brain. Mr. Elliott was born in Scipio, N. Y., in 1812, but the greater part of his childhood was passed at Syracuse, where his father placed him at first in a store, and when the boy's distaste for mercantile pursuits became too strong to be resisted, attempted to educate him in his own calling as an architect. The lad, however, was equally averse to this profession, and after a while came to New York and became a pupil of Trumbull and Quidor. He first attracted notice by some creditable illustrations, in oil, of scenes from Irving's and Paulding's works; then pursued his occupation in the western part of the State for about ten years; and, after making a reputation as a portrait-painter, settled in this city, where he won a very marked success. His works were distinguished for fidelity, and vigorous coloring. Among his last portraits was one of Erastus Corning, and when seized with his final sickness he was engaged upon one of Lieut.-Gov. Woodford, which had been ordered by that gentleman's friends and admirers of both parties in the State Legislature. Mr. Elliott had latterly passed a great part of his time in Albany.

CONVENTION OF THE UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION.

THE Friends of Peace will hold a Convention at Vineland, N. J., on September 12th, in Plum Street Hall, commencing at 7 1-2 p. m., and continuing the next day. Speakers are expected from Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Providence and elsewhere. An invitation is freely extended to all friends of Human Progress.

MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

Advertisements.

BELLEVUE INSTITUTE
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
ATTLEBORO', PA.

The next school year opens Ninth month (Sept)) 7, 1868. For Catalogue address the Principal, W. T. SEAL. 17 4t

CHOICE VOCAL DUETS—WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

The Shower of Pearls, containing the most beautiful Duets for Two Sopranos, Soprano and Alto, Soprano and Tenor, Soprano and Bass, and Tenor and Bass. Arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte. Bound in Cloth $3; full gilt $4; Boards $2.50, on receipt of which it will be sent by mail, post-paid.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
277 Washington street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.
16 tf

THE AMERICAN METHOD FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

A Short, Comprehensive and Practical System. By Edgar A Bobbins, Professor of the Pianoforte. This work meets the daily requirements of the Pianist. It combines Harmony with those indispensable points recommended by all eminent masters for daily practice, and is so systematized as to readily impart a knowledge of the art of understanding and executing the difficulties involved in the piano music of all the various Schools. It is likewise adapted to all players, from the beginner to the finished artist.
Price, $4 80. Mailed, post-paid. Oliver Ditson & Co., Publishers, 277 Washington street, Boston. Charles H. Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, New York. 16tf

WANTED—AGENTS for the MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.
Ladies and gentlemen can find permanent employment and good pay, by applying in person, or by letter, at No. 482 Broome street, New York, at the office of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, second floor. Neither capital nor security required. Active agents can make from $8 to $20 per day. Agents wanted in every town and county in the United States. 13 4t

JAMES MOTT
A
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,
BY
MARY GREW
WITH
TRIBUTES FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS
AND OTHERS.
Price 25 cents
For sale by
WM. P. TOMLINSON, Publisher.
39 Nassau street, N. Y
Or S. ACKLEY, 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

NO LABOR, NO WEAR, NO TEAR.
A SELF-ACTING HOUSEHOLD WONDER.
THE FOUNTAIN WASHER AND BOILER.
Woodward's Patent, March, 25th, 1862.
FOR WASHING AND CLEANSING CLOTHES BY THE
rapid circulation of hot suds through every fiber.
PRICES $6 to $12.
STATE AND COUNTY RIGHTS FOR SALE.
J. WARD & CO.,
NO. 23 CORTLANDT STRERT.
MANGLES, WRINGERS, etc., in great variety.
a 9—21

CARMINA COLLEGENSIA:
A COMPLETE COLLECTION
OF THE
SONGS OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGES,
WITH PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.
TO WHICH IS ADDED
A COMPENDIUM OF COLLEGE HISTORY,
COLLECTED AND EDITED BY H. R. WAITE.
This new volume furnishes the most extensive Collection of Student Songs presented to the public, twenty-one Colleges being represented. Every College in the United States having been solicited to contribute to its pages, nearly a thousand songs were received from which great care was taken to select those most valuable in reference to quality, permanency and general interest: only such being used as a possessed intrinsic merit, or cast light upon some peculiar College custom.
Prices: In Cloth, emblematically embossed, neat and durable $2.25; Superior Edition, on extra paper, full cloth, emblematically embossed, gilt edge, $3.00. Mailed, post-paid, OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, 277 Washington Street Boston; CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York. 6tf.

"AMER. SCHOOL INST.," FOUNDED 1855,
Is a reliable Educational Bureau,
To aid all who seek well-qualified Teachers;
To represent Teachers who seek positions;
To give parents information of good schools;
To sell, rent, and exchange school properties.
Thirteen years' trial has proved the AMER. SCHOOL INST. a useful and efficient auxiliary in securing
"THE RIGHT TEACHER FOR THE RIGHT PLACE,"
Those who want Teachers should have the "Teachers' Bulletin," published in the *Amer. Educational Monthly.*
Those who want positions, should have the "Application Form."
Circulars explaining plan, and giving TESTIMONY from first class educational and business men, sent when asked for.
J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A. M., ACTUARY,
14 Bond street, New York.
Branch Offices in San Francisco, Chicago, and Boston. 7tst

BRITISH PERIODICALS.
THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative.)
THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig.)
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Radical.)
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free-Church.)
AND
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory.)
These foreign periodicals are regularly republished by us in the same style as heretofore. Those who know them and who have long subcribed to them, need no reminder; those whom the civil war of the last few years has deprived of their once welcome supply of the best periodical literature, will be glad to have them again within their reach; and those who may never yet have met with them, will assuredly be well pleased to receive accredited reports of the progress of European science and literature.
TERMS FOR 1868.

For any one of the Reviews	$400 per annum.
For any two of the Reviews	7.00 "
For any three of the Reviews	10.00 "
For all four of the Reviews	12.00 "

Miscellaneous Department.

POEM.

[Discovered by Henry Morley and attributed to Milton.]

AN EPITAPH.

He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay,
Has left some reliques in this Urn
As a pledge of his return.

Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The loss of this their paramour,
With whom he sported ere the day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his lays,
And puts on cypress for his bays;
The sacred sisters tune their quills
Only to the blubbering rills,
And while his doom they think upon,
Make their own tears their Helicon;
Leaving the two-topt Mount divine
To turn votaries to his shrine.

Think not, reader, me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That Bee was happier far than men,
Who, busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered by the golden flood
Which from the Amber-weeping tree
Distilleth down so pleuteously:
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself.
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

In this little bed my dust,
Incurtained round, I here intrust;
While my pure and nobler part
Lies entom'd in every heart.

Then pass on gently, ye that mourn,
Touch not this mine hallowed Urn;
These Ashes which do here remain
A vital tincture still retain:
A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first existencies;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear;
This plant, thus calcined into dust,
In its Ashes rest it must
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softening and prolific fire,
And in her fostering arms enfold
This heavy and this earthly mold,
Then as I am I'll be no more
But bloom and blossom [as] b[efore],
When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat.

J. M., Oct. 1647.

THE PERILS OF HONEST THINKING.

THERE is no virtue more highly valued by society than moderation. Society, indeed, only manages to exist by a series of expedient compromises, and quite naturally and properly questions the authority of any man who endeavors to prove it wholly wrong. There is less evil wrought by this attitude of caution—or even suspicion, than one might imagine. When a man has any real gospel to proclaim, it will survive this test; if his new theory, or hypothesis, or doctrine be valueless, it will succumb. This is the general rule, to which there are many exceptions. That no truth can be stifled is a general and comfortable proposition which no one can safely either affirm or deny, for it does not admit of verification; but that truth may be temporarily stifled is a matter of history. Mr. Mill, if we mistake not, has pointed out that the suppression of truth, though it cannot injure the truth, nor remove the chances of its being discovered and preached at some future time, may in the mean time seriously injure the world. While, therefore, society is rightly unwilling to leave, at the sudden direction of one man, the comfortable and medium groove along which it has been running for centuries, it ought not to signify its refusal in unnecessarily strong terms. It is probably on account of the many unsettling opinions which we at present hear advanced on every hand that there is a corresponding desire evinced, by the orthodox of mankind, to put these opinions under the ban of reprobation. We are so much in danger of becoming heterodox (we do not, of course, refer to religious matters only) that our only notion of safety is to keep shouting lustily that we are quite orthodox. In our easy English fashion we have a liking for well-established opinions which do not interfere with our money-making and our good digestion, and we look upon a man who endeavors to upset these pleasant convictions as an enemy to our personal peace. Why should he do this? we ask. Why should he disturb the kindly processes of living by the introduction of these foreign influences? We look upon him not as a friend, or teacher, or regenerator, but as a provokative, ill-conditioned person. We Ninevites not only disbelieve in the individual Jonah, but in the office of Jonah. We are getting on very well; we want no acceleration of speed, no guidance as to our route. When Jonah comes among us, we first vilify him, and then we try to starve him into silence.

Now, there are few Jonahs; but there are a great many men among us who have much to say that we ought to know, and who are afraid to say it. It is beside the question to reply that the ideal teacher should deliver his message irrespective of consequences. The men of whom we speak are no greater fools than their neighbors; and they know that every duty is bounded by conditions of expediency. There are at present in our midst certain men who have influence, considerable influence, the results of which we could ill afford to lose, and who are perfectly well aware that to utter their most advanced opinions, to express their profoundest convictions, would be the signal for the instant losing of what influence they possess. There is scarcely any topic of human interest on which a man, who has anything to say beyond accepted commonplaces, dare fully reveal his own mind. In private these subjects may be discussed openly and without reserve; in public society imposes, under threat of perpetual banishment, a conventional restraint. Our excessive English prudery for example, forbids the discussion of certain social questions of the very highest importance—a prudery of which our descendants will reap the dire results. There are other social questions which, instead of being frankly debated by competent men, in authoritative journals, are left to the clap-trap treatment of lady novelists. It is not very desirable that theories which are likely to influence the education and actions of the next generation should be painted in seductive colors, or abused in a rough-and-ready manner, by persons who have neither the intellect, the education, nor the common sense to know the ultimate purport of their writing, even had they any care for such a contingency. In religious matters we are no better off. The moment a man is suspected of heterodoxy we refuse to hear him with calmness. Instead, we welcome the vituperative attacks of incompetent judges, who strive to rebut arguments they do not understand by inconsiderate abuse. Is our religious faith so insecure that we can only hide behind hedges and fling stones at our opponents? The attitude of orthodoxy in our day is not a very noble one, simply because the defence of orthodoxy has been intrusted to those who can use the strongest language. Nor is it all in the interests of truth that its opponents should be met in this fashion. The odium incurred by any man who strives to establish independent inquiry is sufficient to deter the most courageous person from venturing upon so thankless a task. He may study this or that subject in private; but the results of his inquiry are kept to himself, or make their way only by the almost unconscious influence he may exert upon his companions. One has not lived long in London who does not know of many a little coterie of disciples, which has its peculiar tenets and its particular teacher. These people know that to publish any epitome of their belief would only awake rancor. Honest and frank discussion would be advantageous, not only to them, but also to those with whose belief they may happen to differ; but that form of discussion which consists in crying out for a general excommunication of the offenders is an ordeal which no one wishes voluntarily to undergo. Probably these varieties of more or less heretical faith flourish better in this fashion. They go on steadily adding to the number of their adherents, who are the more bound to each other on account of this bond of semi-secrecy and self-devotion. They are the religious Pariahs of England. They are not actively persecuted, but the threat of social persecution always hangs over them. And since the beginning of the world, persecution has been the atmosphere in which heresy has best thrived.

But while we deprecate the unjustifiable treatment too often meted out to men whose sole object, instead of being personal advancement or notoriety, is the bettering of society, we would not, on the other hand, advocate the toleration of indifference. As we have already hinted, it is probably owing to the social terrorism hanging over the heads of competent men that we find so frequently new theories propounded by men whose tongues are unbridled because they have nothing in the shape of reputation or influence to lose. Violent regenerators who have wonderful social and religious panaceas are generally begotten of ignorance and imprudence, and it not unfrequently happens that they are taken by ordinary people as the type of the man who has really something valuable to say. Need we wonder that those who have their profoundest and sincerest religious sentiments shocked and wounded by the mad escapades of such men should acquire a prejudice against all innovators? The very extravagance of their proposals, while it destroys the possibility of their achieving any result by their doctrines, destroys the chances of acceptation of what is really true in these doctrines. Against such wild prophets no prejudice can be too strong; but that prejudice should be discriminating. "Contentment," says Mr. Alexander Smith, "like the speedwell, blows along the common beaten way." Contentment is very good; but it is not everything. Men must from time to time leave the beaten way, make new paths for themselves, and thus obey that law of progression which is part of their nature. We only wish to make such tentative experiments under experienced leadership. We do not desire to follow a will-o'-the-wisp. It is a pity, therefore, that almost the only men who dare to propose advancement to us are those whom we can least trust. And until we distinguish these from our real teachers, or experimenters, and accord to the latter impartial hearing and proper attention, we are not likely to have our religious or social status much elevated.

London Review.

BY THE SEA.

Backward and forward, under the moon,
Swings the tide, in its old-time way;
Never too late, and never too soon;
And evening and morning make the day.

Backward and forward, over the sands,
And over the rocks, to fall and flow;
And this wave has touched a dead man's hands,
And that one has seen a face we know.

They have sped the good ship on her way,
Or buried her deep from love and light;
But here, as they sink at our feet to-day,
Ah, who shall distinguish their voices aright?

For their separate burdens of hope and fear
Are blended now in one solemn tone,
And only this song of the waves I hear,
"For ever and ever His will be done."

Backward and forward, to and fro,
Swings our life in its weary way;
Now at its ebb, and now at its flow:
And evening and morning make the day.

Sorrow and comfort, peace and strife,
Pain and rejoicing, its moments know;
How from the discords of such a life
Shall ever the clear music flow?

Yet to the ear of God it swells,
And to the blessed round the throne,
Sweeter than chime of vesper bells,
"For ever and ever His will be done."

London Society.

THE TEETH.

A WRITER in *Harper* for June says: "Rousseau said that no woman with fine teeth could be ugly." Any female mouth, almost, with a good set of ivories, is kissable. The too early loss of the first teeth has an unfavorable influence upon the beauty and duration of the second. The youngest children should accordingly be made to take care of them. All that is necessary is to brush them several times a day with a little ordinary soap or magnesia and water. Grown people should clean their teeth at least five times in the course of the twenty-four hours, on rising in the morning and on going to bed at night, and after each meal. A brush as hard as can be borne without pain should be used, and the best of all applications is pure soap and water, always lukewarm.

After eating, the particles of food should be carefully removed from the teeth by means of a toothpick of quill or wood, but never of metal, and by a thread passed now and again between the teeth. Tooth-powders of all kinds are injurious, both to the enamel and the gums, and if employed, every particle of them should be removed from the mouth by careful rinsing. The habit which some women have of using a bit of lemon, though it may whiten the teeth and give temporary firmness and color to the gums, is fatal to the enamel, as are all acids. No one, young or old, should turn their jaws into nut-crackers; and it is dangerous even for women to bite off, as they often do, the ends of the thread in sewing. It is not safe to bring very hot food or drink, especially if immediately followed by anything cold, in contact with the teeth.

Wholesome gums are more essential even than the teeth, to the beauty of the mouth. They should be of a firm texture, lively red color, and well spread over the base of each tooth, but they are often pale or livid, shrunken, fleshless, and sometimes even ulcerated. The excessive use of sugar and candies does great mischief. It is not only the bad effects produced by their decomposition, but the grittiness of these substances which wears away the gum, bares the root of the tooth, and spoils the mouth. This is the chief danger of the use of tooth-powders. Livid gums will be benefitted by occasional, but not too frequent, hard rubbing and pricking with a tooth-pick until they bleed slightly.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often, are we deaf to sigh and moan;
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often, where distress and want abide,
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones who faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide;
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore,
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs;
Instead, we look about—the way is wide,
And so we pass upon the other side.

Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you listen to the thrilling call!
You cannot, in your selfishness pride,
Pass *guiltless* by upon the other side.

Once-A-Week.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following incident of travel is narrated by a correspondent of the *Daily Saratogian*. It took place on the Rensalaer and Saratoga railroad, on one of the Northern trains, between Saratoga and Whitehall. When the train halted at Saratoga, among the passengers from the West came a man of about thirty years of age, elbowing his way through the crowd, and bearing in his arms a child. He was a poor man, his clothes were poor, he looked poor. Around his hat was tied a piece of soiled, worn crape. It was evidently all the mourning his scanty means would permit, for the mother of the child that was dead. This man was rough in exterior, yet his face was an honest one. He handled the baby awkwardly, yet there was tenderness in his sad look that showed the purity of a father's love. The little fellow lay asleep on his coarsely-clad knee; a stray sunbeam glanced across its tired face. They were both tired, the father and the child, for they had come from the far West; and as he placed his hard, toilworn hand to shield it from the golden rays, there was in his look a mixture of sadness and care, as if his pent-up feelings had been so crowded back into the inner cells of his heart that even tears could have been no relief to the hidden anguish that was making his life a misery.

The poor child cried; it might be the little thing was tired; it might be it missed its mother; perhaps it was hungry; perhaps it was sick, and so it cried. The tears rolled down its baby cheeks; the father wiped the dewy drops as they fell, and then tried to feed it. He was so awkward with the bottle—his had been a life of toil and hardship—that he knew not how to give his darling its nourishment. As he made effort after effort to stifle the cries and check the tears of his motherless babe, how he must have missed her who in his life of labor and privation had been his solace and comfort! An unbidden tear started to his eye, but he brushed it quickly away. All who saw him pitied him. At length a woman, richly appareled, with an infant resting on the lap of its nurse beside her—she had been watching the man—said in a gentle tone, "Give me the child." The poor fellow looked at her with a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's tenderness in her voice. With humble resignation, as though it were pain to part with him, even for a moment, he gave her his boy. The woman took it; its soiled clothes rested on her costly silk, its tiny head was soon beneath her shawl, and in a moment all was still. Like the Grecian daughter, who, through the iron bars, fed her starving father, so did this high-born lady from her breast feed the the hungry child, and when, on her gentle bosom the little one lay in calm and unvexed sleep, she put aside the shawl.

The father's heart swelled with gratitude. He said, as a tear welled in his eye, and his voice was thick with emotion: "Thank you; I'll take him now." Then the woman's nature spoke forth, as she answered, "Not yet; you will wake him," and for mile after mile, that noble-hearted woman held that poor man's child, and it was not until her own required such nourishment as only a mother can give, she gently rose and placed the stranger boy with his father.

CARLYLE'S FARM.

A SCOTCH paper gives an account of a recent visit to Thomas Carlyle's Scotch farm at Craigenputtock, Dumfrieshire—a farm which came to the philosopher with his wife. The farm-house is a plain, two-storied building, surrounded with venerable ash trees, whose branches were filled with swallows. It was here that Emerson came to see the landlord, and Professor Wilson promised to come. Carlyle describes the place in a letter to Goethe, of September 25, 1828. He resided here, for the most part, from 1827 to 1834; and although his friends generally boded no good of his strange, lonely retirement, it will be found from the list of books published by him in that term that it was a fruitful one. His tastes made him unpopular with his few neighbors, who looked upon as unsocial or crazed. When the recent visitor knocked for admittance, he found the tenant farmer at home, and had the gratification of discovering that he thought much of his landlord. He showed letters about cutting and flaying trees, etc., from his landlord, written in a neat hand, well punctuated. The smoke of Carlyle's pipe seemed to curl much in the memory of his tenant, whom he had visited twice during a long term of years, cantering up from Dumfries, on a pony, in homely clothes, and talking the plainest Doric. It would appear that this was only the second visitor who had arrived out of sheer respect for the former occupant in the present tenant's lease of more than a dozen years. It is a curious circumstance that the Scotch national poet (Burns) should have had his farm in the same parish as Carlyle. Apollo has twice visited the district in a rustic garb.

COLOR OF THE SPOTS ON THE SUN.—At a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. S. Broughton said that, on recently observing with high powers a group of fine spots on the sun, one of which was of considerable magnitude, it occurred to him to remove the dark glass, and, by keeping the eye much beyond the focus of the heating rays, and at such a distance that the spot almost filled the apparent field of the eye-piece, to see if any phenomena could be observed different from those seen through the dark glass. The spot was at once seen to be of a dark blood red; but, thinking this perhaps might be from the strong contrast of color, he attached a disc of plaster of Paris to the telescope, and projected the image of the spot on it. On looking at this with a common pocket magnifier, the image was observed to be a dark blood red, although the observatory was not darkened, and the disc merely shielded from the direct rays by an intervening opaque substance. If these observations are confirmed, it will corroborate the opinion long held up that the spots are not black, but appear so by contrast, and as it would seem, from the intervention of the colored glass.

WHAT IS PLANCHETTE?

HARD heads, and men of the most materialistic tendencies, have been puzzled and nonplussed by the manœuvers of planchette. The name is of French origin, and signifies literally a little board. We have seen several styles, differing from each other only in trivial details, the general form being the same in each.

It is a heart-shaped piece of board, mounted upon three supports. It is seven inches from the depression in the base of the heart to its apex, and seven inches measured across its widest part. Two of the supports are legs of wood or brass, terminating in pentagraph wheels or casters, usually of iron, bone or hard rubber. The third support is a pencil thrust through a socket at the apex of the heart. Makers claim that the wood used is peculiar, whether artificially rendered so, or otherwise, we are not informed; but we have been unable to detect any peculiarity in the appearance of the wood in any that we have seen. Those that we have met with look as though they were made of mahogany or black walnut lightly varnished, and with little attempt at adornment. In the centre of the board we have occasionally seen a disc of metal, having the appearance of German silver, but whether it was for use or ornament, we are unable to say.

The instrument is usually operated by two persons, or, perhaps we should say, it generally operates when two persons lay the tips of their fingers gently upon it. Occasionally it operates, with less force, when only one places his hands upon it, and it has been asserted in some of the English journals that there have been instances of its working when a string was attached to one of its legs, the remote end being held in the hand of a powerful medium, at some distance from the machine.

The phenomena attributed to the planchette are various, but they consist essentially in writing and drawing. The latter we have never witnessed, but we state it on good authority. In fact, the wonders of planchette are backed by the statements of the most reliable people—statements which constitute such a mass of evidence that we should feel bound to accept the facts stated, even though we had not witnessed them ourselves. You may hold a conversation with planchette, provided your own part in it consists in interrogations. Its replies, so far as we have seen, are sometimes true and sometimes false. So are the replies given by human respondents. It sometimes refuses to write at all, and plays the most fantastic tricks, in apparently willful disregard of the feelings of those who are anxious that it should do its best. When however, it chooses to be good, it moves gently and steadily over the paper upon which it is placed, the pencil point tracing letter after letter until the reply is written, when with a rapid sweep it announces its conclusion by rushing swiftly back to the left, and stopping suddenly at the edge of the paper. These motions seem, to those whose fingers rest upon the board, to be entirely independent of their own wills, their only care being to avoid any resistance to its motions. The fact that it is impossible to suppose that the wills of two persons could be by their own desire mutually coincident, without previous agreement, forms one of the most puzzling features of the subject, as the nature of the questions asked and answered precludes the possibility of collusion.

We have thus stated the facts relating to this mysterious little machine, carefully avoiding the expression of opinion, pro or con, in the hope of accumulating more data in regard to it, and because we believe that the key to the solution of the phenomena to which we think it undoubtedly belongs, may be discovered in the investigation of the cause of its movements.—*Scientific American.*

WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.—A man passess for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear for remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—knows that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every action that he attempts, he is gunged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says: "It's of no use, we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

PRAIRIE DOGS.—No one can cross the Plains without deriving interest and amusement from the prairie dogs. The name, by the way, is a misnomer, for they are not dogs at all, except that they have a peculiar, short, hoarse bark, but unmistakable rodents, forming an intermediate link between the marmot and the squirrel. For miles along the road their villages or towns may be seen with the little occupants perched comically on the top of their burrows, surveying what is going on, and hoarsely barking their opinions to one another. The railroad train is apparently an object of curiosity to them, for they come up by hundreds to take a look as it clatters along. But let any one approach them, and with an ungainly but nimble somersault they disappear into their subterranean abodes. They are difficult to catch, and can only be got by drowning them out of their holes, but when secured are easily tamed.

TALMUDIC PROVERBS.—Even when the gates of prayer are shut in Heaven, those of tears are open.

When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the one who has lost it—well may he weep.

The reward of good words is like dates; sweet and ripening late.

To slander is to murder.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend—be discreet.

The camel wanted to have horns and they took away his ears.

Descend a step in choosing a wife, and mount a step in choosing a friend.

ONE of the chief peculiarities of the Missouri bottom is said to be the great growth of sun-flowers. For miles and miles they extend in unbroken and profuse luxuriance and utter uselessness. They were first brought there by the Mormons, when they were emigrating westward from Nauvoo, and have since spread until they have extended for a thousand miles along the river.

A SMART child, upon being asked, "What is conscience?" replied, "An inward monitor." "And what is a monitor?" "One of the ironclads." The unconscious innocent hit the nail very exactly on the head there. There are some consciences that a battery of twenty inch Rodman guns could not penetrate.

BE always kind and true; spurn every sort of affectation or disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide your faults and follies to but few.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

EVERYTHING FOR SCHOOLS.

JUST PUBLISHED,

A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SCHOOL FURNITURE, APPARATUS, GLOBES, MAPS, CHARTS, SCHOOL BOOKS, AND OTHER ARTICLES FOR EVERY SCHOOL.

This Catalogue will be sent FREE on application. All are invited to examine the largest variety of School Merchandise in the United States. Special inducements to Schools.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO.,
14 Bond street.
14 7t

CARRIE S. BURNHAM'S

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND MISSES,

NO. 1616 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, re-opens

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1868.

A few BOARDING PUPILS are desired, to whom will be extended the comforts and care of a home.

For further particulars, address

CARRIE S. BURNHAM, 1616 Filbert st.,
14 4t Philadelphia.

REMOVAL.

THE EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO.

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR NEW STORE,

294 BOWERY, N. Y.

Between Houston and Bleecker streets. Their new Factory is now in full operation, which will enable them to fill all orders promptly. Their improved No. 2 and 3 MACHINE for FAMILY and MANUFACTURING purposes is not only equal, but superior to any other Machine in market. Agents wanted.

EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
a7 1y 294 Bowery, N. Y.

A NEW BOOK.

LIFE OF DR. A. P. DOSTIE;

or

THE CONFLICT IN NEW ORLEANS.

Will be ready May 1, 1868, Life of A. P. Dostie; or, the Conflict in New Orleans, a 12mo. volume, 376 pp., by Mrs. Emily Hazen Reed. Mrs Reed was a resident of New Orleans through the "dark days of the Rebellion," is thorougly conversant with the events treated of in her book, including the massacre of July 30th, 1866, and from being the intimate friend of Dr. Dostie is admirably qualified for the important task of historian of the life of one truly a martyr to liberty.

In addition, the baleful policy of President Johnson is forcibly contrasted with that of the martyred Lincoln, and striking delineations of many of the actors in that "bloody drama" in the Metropolis of the South, occur in its pages of intense interest.

Special inducements to agents. All applications should be addressed to WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
39 Nassau street, New York.

THE STANDARD METHOD OF INSTRUCTION

IN VOCAL MUSIC.

BASSINI'S ART OF SINGING!

AN ANALYTICAL, PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PRACTICAL SYSTEM FOR THE

CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE.

BY CARLO BASSINI.

EDITED BY H. STORRS WILLIS.

This work is one of the greatest excellence as a System of thorough and Scientific Instruction in the art of Vocalization. To say that as a book of this kind it has no superior, would be to award it but partial justice, since the best judges o he merits of such works readily admit that it has no equal.

PRICE OF BASSINI'S METHOD.

Complete.....$4 00
Abridged.....3 00

BASSINI'S METHOD FOR TENOR VOICE.

Comprising all the excellent features of the above Method for Soprano. Price $4.00.

Copies will be sent by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of the price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

THE CHURCH UNION.

"THE FREEST ORGAN OF THOUGHT IN THE WORLD."

THE LARGEST RELIGIOUS PAPER IN THE WORLD, averaging nine columns of Reading Matter each week more than any other competitor.

It aims to lead public opinion upon all subjects, and to represent or echo the sentiments of no party or sect. Edited by seven editors, from seven different denominations, whose names are not known even to each other.

Terms, per year.....$2.50
Terms to Agents (for each subscriber).....$1.00

PREMIUMS.

A SEWING MACHINE, worth $55, for 25 subscribers and $62.50. Agents may choose their machines.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, for $25 and 10 names.

"ECCE ECCLESIA," for 2 names.

A GOLD WATCH, American Watch Company, worth $125, for 85 names. Silver Watch for 20 names, Silver Watch for 15 names.

10 BOTTLES WOODWORTH'S VIOLET INK, for 10 subscribers and $25.

The CHURCH UNION is the only paper that publishes HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS, which it does each week, publishing the morning or evening Sermon of the Sunday preceding.

Send for a specimen copy, enclosing 10 cents.

Address HENRY E. CHILD, PUBLISHER,
a4 16 9 Beekman street, New York City.

THE PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN,

A RELIGIOUS FAMILY PAPER,

THE LEADING EVANGELICAL ORGAN

IN THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Devoted to the advocacy of EVANGELICAL TRUTH against Ritualism, and Rationalism, the defence of the "Liberty of Preaching," and the cultivation of fraternal relations with EVANGELICAL churches.

Editors: Rev. Messrs. John Cotton Smith, D.D., Marshall B. Smith, and Stephen H. Tyng, Jr.

The Editors are assisted by a large corps of clerical and lay contributors in all parts of the United States, in England, and on the Continent.

Published every Thursday, at 633 Broadway, New York.

Terms, four dollars per annum; to clergymen, three dollars; to theological students and missionaries, two dollars. Club rates, five copies to one address, fifteen dollars; twenty copies, fifty dollars.

Specimen copies furnished.

Address: THE PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN,
a4 30 Box 6009 P. O., N. Y.

THE RADICAL:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM AND NATURAL RELIGION.

EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN.

The general purpose and character of this work may be sufficiently indicated in its title. It is proper, however, to add the following statement: THE RADICAL furnishes a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions that interest earnest minds in every community. Not having to consult denominational or party interests, it can consistently enforce the lessons of intellectual freedom and self-dependence. Confiding more in the natural force of Ideas for the progress and melioration of society, than in the good offices of the best disposed institution; in the Divine Spirit of Liberty steadily burning in the soul of man, rather than in the wisest prescriptions of political or ecclesiastical art; we are ambitious, by the discussion of ideas and principles, to fortify individuals in their trust of Spiritual Laws, and in an unwavering reliance on the protections of heroic character. As occasion demands, we shall criticize public affairs, and consider the different reformatory movements of the present day.

The following are among the regular or occasional

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE RADICAL:

JOHN T. SARGENT, JOHN SAVARY,
SAMUEL JOHNSON, J. C. LEARNED,
ROBERT COLLYER, A. E. KROEGER,
W. H. FURNESS, HENRY JAMES,
A. BRONSON ALCOTT. O. B. FROTHINGHAM,
GEORGE HOWISON, MONCURE D. CONWAY,
F. E. ABBOT, SAMUEL LONGFELLOW,
WILLIAM J. POTTER, CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
JOHN WEISS, T. W. HIGGINSON,
D. A. WASSON, EVERETT FINLEY,
JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE RADICAL is issued every month; each number containing 80 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers at THREE DOLLARS a year, payable in advance. Single Copy, Thirty Cents. The postage is 24 cents a year, payable at the office of delivery.

*** All communications are to be addressed to THE RADICAL, Lock Box 132, Boston, Mass.

Published by THE PROPRIETORS, 25 Broomfield street, Boston.

☞ Subscriptions for THE RADICAL and the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD will be received at this office, the two for $5 per annum. [ED. STANDARD.]

THE VERY HIGHEST PRIZE.

THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

THE IMPERIAL

WAS CONFERRED ON THE REPRESENTATIVE

OF THE

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINES,

AT THE

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

PARIS, 1867.

SALESROOM 496 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Laxative Medicine.

Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use, in every country and among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative *Pill*. The obvious reason is, that it is a more reliable and far more effectual remedy than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cured them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. We have thousands upon thousands of certificates of their remarkable cures of the following complaints, but such cures are known in every neighborhood, and we need not publish them. Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates; containing neither calomel or any deleterious drug, they may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take, while being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

They operate by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action—remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health, and by correcting, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first origin of disease.

Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box, for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression** a large dose should be taken as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

MENTAL AND SOCIAL CULTURE;

A BOOK FOR

FAMILIES & SCHOOLS.

BY L. C. LOOMIS, A. M., M. D. PRESIDENT OF WHEELING FEMALE COLLEGE.

CONTENTS:

I. How to Obtain Knowledge.—II. Observation, Reading, Lectures, Conversation and Meditation Compared.—III. Rules Relating to Observation.—IV. Of Books and Reading.—V. Judgment of Books.—VI. Of Living Instructions and Lectures.—VII. Rules of Improvement by Conversation.—VIII. Practical Hints; How and When to Speak and What to Say.—IX. Of Study or Meditation.—X. Of fixing the attention.—XI. Of Enlarging the Capacity of the Mind.—XII. Of Improving the Memory.—XIII. Of Self-Control.—XIV. A Cheerful Disposition.—XV. Politeness.—XVI. Practical Hints on Behavior.

Price, post-paid by mail, $1.00.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO., Publishers,
430 Broome St., New York.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

VOL. XXIX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

AARON M. POWELL, EDITOR.

THE STANDARD advocates entire freedom and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as the demand of justice. Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured.

Eminent writers contribute weekly to its columns, and the Editor is permitted to announce

WENDELL PHILLIPS

as a Special Editorial Contributor. Full reports will also be published of the Addresses of MR. PHILLIPS, revised and corrected by himself.

THE STANDARD, though chiefly devoted to the consideration of the Freedom and well-being of the colored race, will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the Rights of Women, Temperance, Education, etc. It will also present a department of choice Literary Miscellany. It is intended that, without forgetting its main object, THE STANDARD shall be carefully and thoroughly edited in all its other departments, and be welcomed by all classes of readers.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in a letter accompanying a remittance for THE STANDARD, writes as follows:

WAYLAND, MASS., Feb. 1, 1868.

AARON M. POWELL.—*Dear Sir*—Inclosed is $3 00, our yearly subscription for THE STANDARD. Money cannot pay for the privilege of having a paper that speaks the truth boldly, without fear or favor, alike unfettered by sect, and untrammeled by any political party. Such a paper was never more needed than at the present time and I am thankful to see that so many friends rally to its support.

Yours, cordially,
L. MARIA CHILD.

PREMIUMS.

We offer to our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court." 498 pages—price $2.50.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy, One Year, - - - - - - $3 00
Ten Copies to one Address, each - - - 2 50
Twenty Copies, each, - - - - - 2 00

A limited number of Advertisements will be received at the following rates:

One line, first insertion, - - - - - 15 cents.
" each subsequent insertion, - - 10 "
" one month, - - - - - - 40 "
" three months, - - - - - $1 00
" one year, - - - - 3 00
Special Notices, per line, 20 cents.

Special arrangements will be made with yearly advertisers.

Subscriptions and advertisements payable in advance. Yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

Single Copies of THE STANDARD may be had of the American News Company, 121 Nassau Street, and at the Office of Publication.

All communications should be addressed to,

A. M. POWELL,
Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.
39 Nassau Street, New York.